Middlebury

COLLEGE NEWS LETTER SUMMER 1975

Middlebury Quilt

Around the Hill

The Long Farewell

May was the month of leave-taking. Although President Armstrong continues in office until September 1, the last faculty meeting of the academic year is held in early May and, after Commencement on June 1, the undergraduate College disbands for the summer.

As the final faculty meeting chaired by Dr. Armstrong was about to end, Professor Grant Harnest (Chemistry) rose and read, for the Faculty, a tribute to his leadership (see page). The prolonged standing ovation that followed and the President's brief response marked the close of the 103rd Faculty meeting which the retiring President had led. That was on May 5th.

On the 14th the Sewing Bee ladies (principally wives of faculty and staff), held an afternoon reception in the Johnson Gallery for the Armstrongs and presented to them a Middlebury quilt on which 40 ladies (and two men) had been working since February. The 100-inch-square quilt contains 36 blocks, each depicting or symbolizing one aspect of the Armstrong's experience at Middlebury.

At the close of Sunday Chapel service, May 18th, the surprised president was called to the front of the chancel by seniors Cathy Thomas and Carol Blakely, cochairmen of the Chapel Board, and presented a drawing of Mead Chapel by Daniela Berenbach '75, a citation, and a gift in his name of $400 to the YOU summer program for inner-city black youngsters.

On the following Saturday, the 24th, Dr. Armstrong received a Doctor of Humanities degree from Norwich University.

In the Johnson Building on Thursday evening next, members of the Faculty, active and emeriti, the Trustees, and the staff gave a farewell dinner for the Armstrongs at which Prof. Howard Munford '34 and L. Douglas Meredith, representing, respectively, the Faculty and the Trustees, presented the Armstrongs a 1790 English desk (of burl walnut with leather top) and an early 19th-century Heppelwhite side chair, as mementoes of their Middlebury years.

Unveiling of the quilt stitched secretly by 40 ladies of the Sewing Bee was preceded (above) by the singing of some special lyrics (to the tune, God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen). As the king-sized quilt, hung in the Johnson Gallery, began to be s-l-o-w-ly uncovered (below), Mrs. Armstrong's astonishment appeared complete.

Two days later, on Saturday of Commencement Weekend, the pace of goodbyes quickened and there were three appreciative recognitions: at their annual spring meeting the Alumni Council, acting on behalf of all Middlebury alumni, presented James and Carol Armstrong an engraved silver tea service; then at the annual Alumni Luncheon in Memorial Field House, the president (who is an honorary member of the Class of '41) was given the Alumni Meritorious Service Award and a special award of the John Stabile Memorial Cup, the prize established in memory of an outstanding student athlete of the Class of '40 who died on Guadalcanal.

But the Last Goodbye was the biggest of all and it was the president's. At Commencement on June 1st, Dr. Armstrong's final public appearance as president of the College, he announced that Middlebury had received a gift of $650,000 to endow The William R. Kenan Professorship. For a president, whose efforts as leader of the Foundations division of the 175th Anniversary Fund had enriched Middlebury's endowment by some $6.2 million—and five endowed chairs, it was the perfect exit line.

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CREDITS: Max Peterson—p. 1 (top), 3 (rt.), 4, 6 (top rt.), Gregor Hileman—p. 1 (bot.), 2, 5, 7, 9, 16, 40, covers I and IV. Erik Borg '67—pp. 14-15, 34. Madonna and child, p. 18, by Desiderio da Settignano (Turin). Sprague Holden—p. 27 (rt.), Paul Child—p. 29 (top). Carl Doerner—p. 35. Jarvis W. Mason—p. 27 (left), 30.

Middlebury
COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

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EDITOR: Gregor Hileman. EDITORIAL BOARD: Ray Bosworth '29, Murray Hoyt '26, Howard Munford '34, Ken Nourse '52, Gordon Perine '49, Max Petersen, Bruce Peterson '56, Barbara Villet '52.

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The Middlebury College News Letter is mailed without charge to all alumni. A parents edition, without alumni news, is mailed without charge to all parents of students and recent graduates. Every alumnus is asked to inform the Alumni Office of his change of address and of any news concerning himself or another alumnus.

Tribute to James I. Armstrong

Read at May Faculty meeting
by Prof. Grant Harnest

Today, as James Armstrong comes to the end of his last faculty meeting I rise to offer some thoughts on behalf of this faculty. We are reaching the end of your time with us, sir, but as colleges have so long ended careers with commencements, so these words are but another beginning for you and for us. We sincerely trust that we will see much more of the new president of the Dana Foundation. [*laughter*]

James Armstrong received his bachelor's degree, Phi Beta Kappa, from Princeton in 1941. World War II interrupted his education, but he returned to Princeton as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow to receive his doctorate in Classics in 1949. Again war disturbed a young career, and, undaunted, again he returned to Princeton, this time in 1952 as assistant professor of Classics. He quickly rose to the position of Associate Dean of the Graduate School and in 1963 was chosen as the 12th president of Middlebury College.

Middlebury was a strong institution then, but in many ways had yet to discover all that it could be. The new president threw himself boldly, indeed joyously, into the task; his enthusiasm changed the College by example alone. With a deep sense of the strength of tradition, a faith in the value of classical education, and a single-minded devotion to the liberal arts, he built a new Middlebury on the granite of the old.

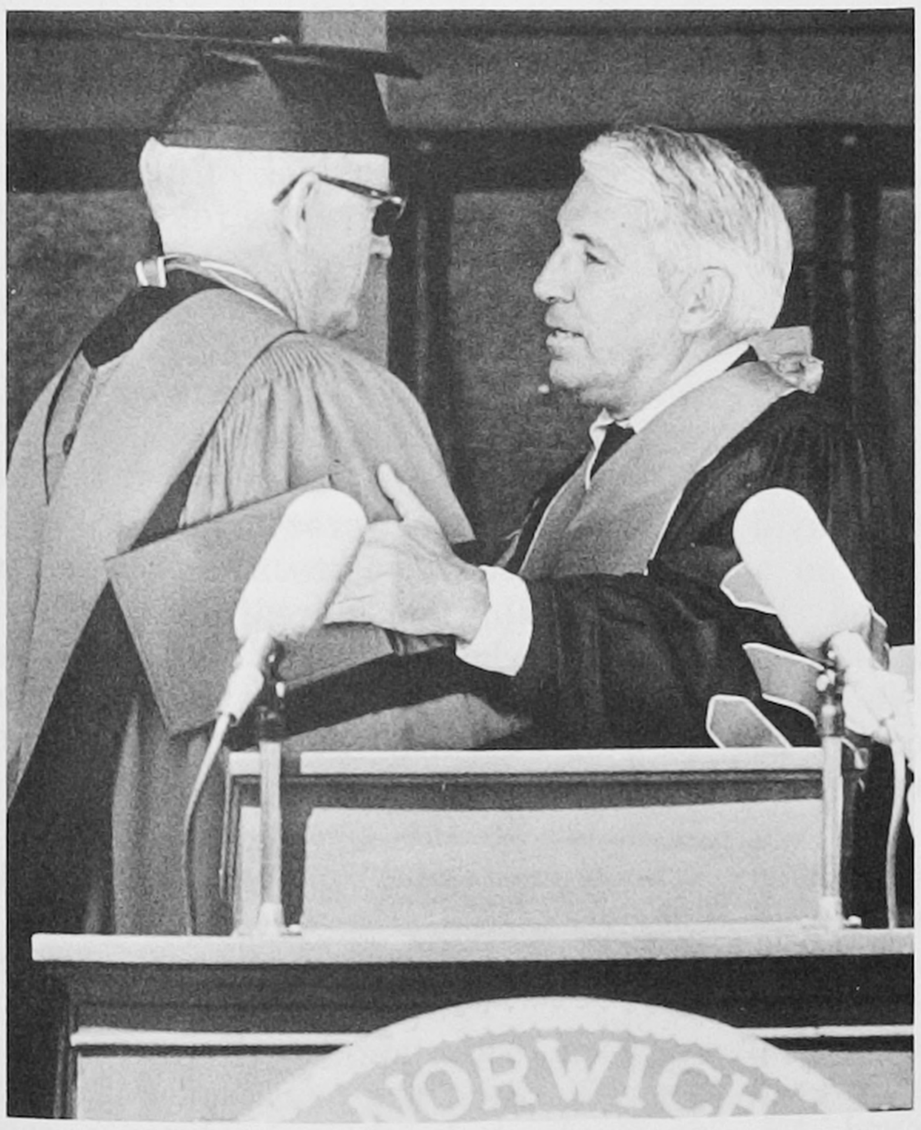
And did he build! The story is told through the names which are part of Middlebury tradition preceding almost everyone in this room—Hadley, Milliken, Kelly, Lang, Freeman, Cook, Hamlin. And through newer, less familiar names like Sunderland, Dana, and Johnson. Every corner of the campus, from Davis and Atwater, to the Science Center, to Fletcher Field House, sprouted new buildings linked with the tradition which is such a part of Middlebury.

I will pass over the statistics, tempting and impressive though they are. It is enough to note that by good management, prudence, and ferocious fund-raising, he led us through a period of expansion when the College grew in size, in endowment, in every facet—but most of all in quality. The budget grew fourfold and stayed in balance. Real curricular reform captured the imagination of the campus. Applications rose in number, and standards remained high. Like the tomato patch he proudly but secretly tends each summer, the College was tended lovingly and flourished.

He went everywhere on our behalf. Many will remember him as the fund raiser who, like an airborne Odysseus, visited the foundations of many men and knew their minds. But there is much more, and to capture the accomplishments of 12 years in a few sentences is clearly impossible. They surround us in too much diversity. It is hard now to realize that familiar strengths have not always been with us.

No part of our strength gives James Armstrong more pride than this faculty. During his tenure our numbers have grown. Our compensation has doubled. Scholarship which complements our teaching has flourished. The names of new professorships provide again the link with the past—Given, Stewart and Starr—and the tradition for the future—Johnson and Dana. Those who preceded James Armstrong on this campus have found support and grown under his leadership. Those who followed brought strength and vision to match his own. These are the gifts he will leave us.

So Mr. President, somewhat immodestly, we believe the greatest tribute to your years at Middlebury stands before you in this room. We congratulate you. We thank you. We will miss you.



On May 24, Norwich President Loring Hart, greets Dr. Armstrong after conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Humanities.

Retiring Board-of-Trustees chairman L. Douglas Meredith and new chairman Arnold R. LaForce '35 seen at the Alumni Luncheon, May 31.

The 36 blocks of the Middlebury quilt were first brought together and laid out on the carpet at a secret meeting in the Brooker's living room in April. Among the gratified contributors (from left) were Joan Todd, Joyce Nourse, Ruth Malmstrom, "Shep" Colman, and Prindle Wissler. After careful rearrangement for most harmonious effect, the squares were then sewn to framing strips of Middlebury blue and then to the backing fabric. Numerous quilting sessions in late April, as below in the Brooker's kitchen, industriously brought the quilt to completion.

Joan Folger (standing) and, clockwise, Peg Martin, Ruth Malmstrom, Marie Moyer, and Mary Volkert were part of all-day quilting bee.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong with "Shep" Colman at the Sewing Bee reception. Mrs. Colman helped Ruth Malmstrom coordinate the quilting project.

John "Red" Kelly '31

"Red" Kelly Dies

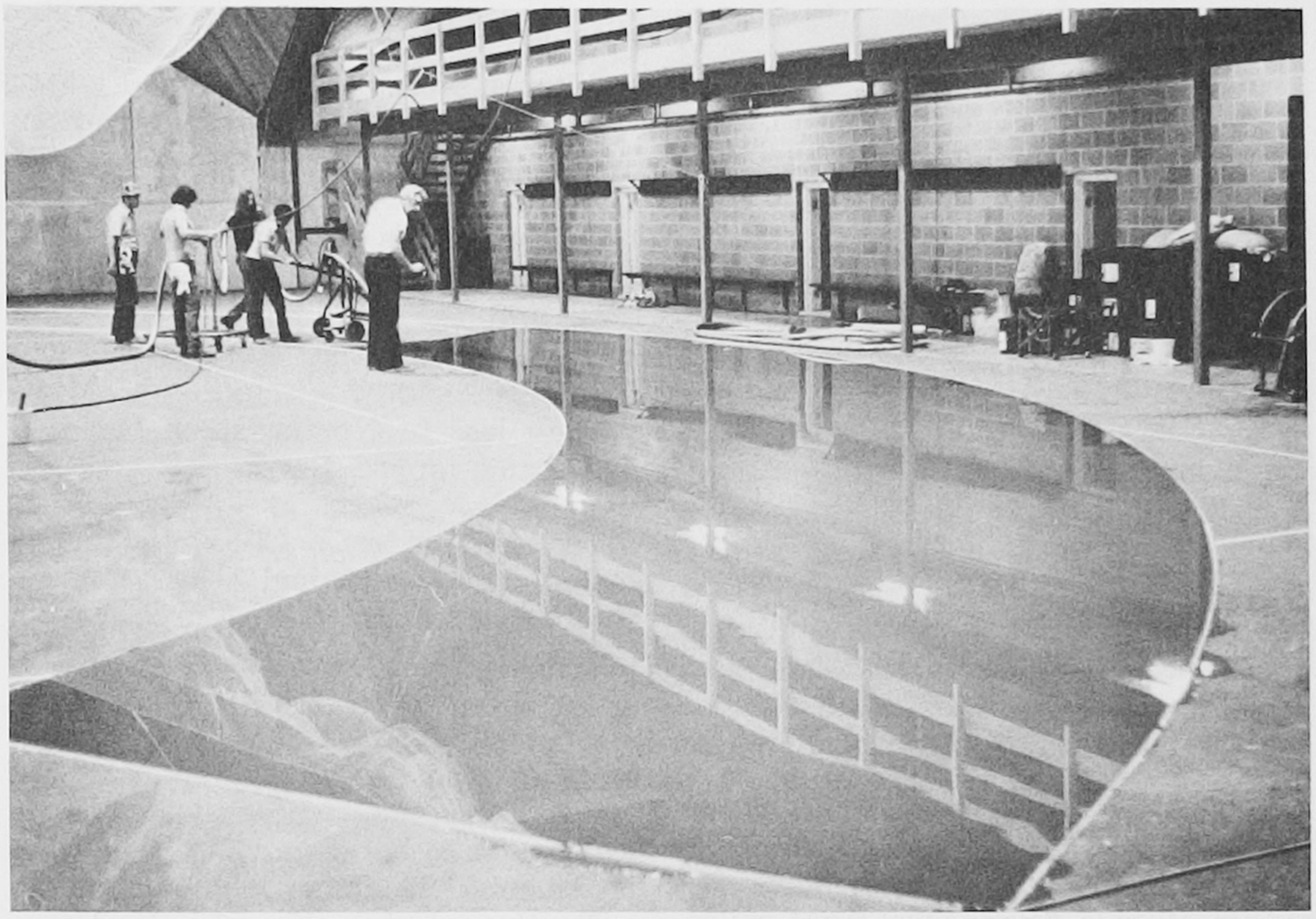
John "Red" Kelly '31, who directed intramural sports at the College for 36 years, died suddenly in his Winter home in Eustis, Florida on March 17. He was 67. Since their retirement in 1970, Jack and Elizabeth Kelly have made their permanent home in Bennington.

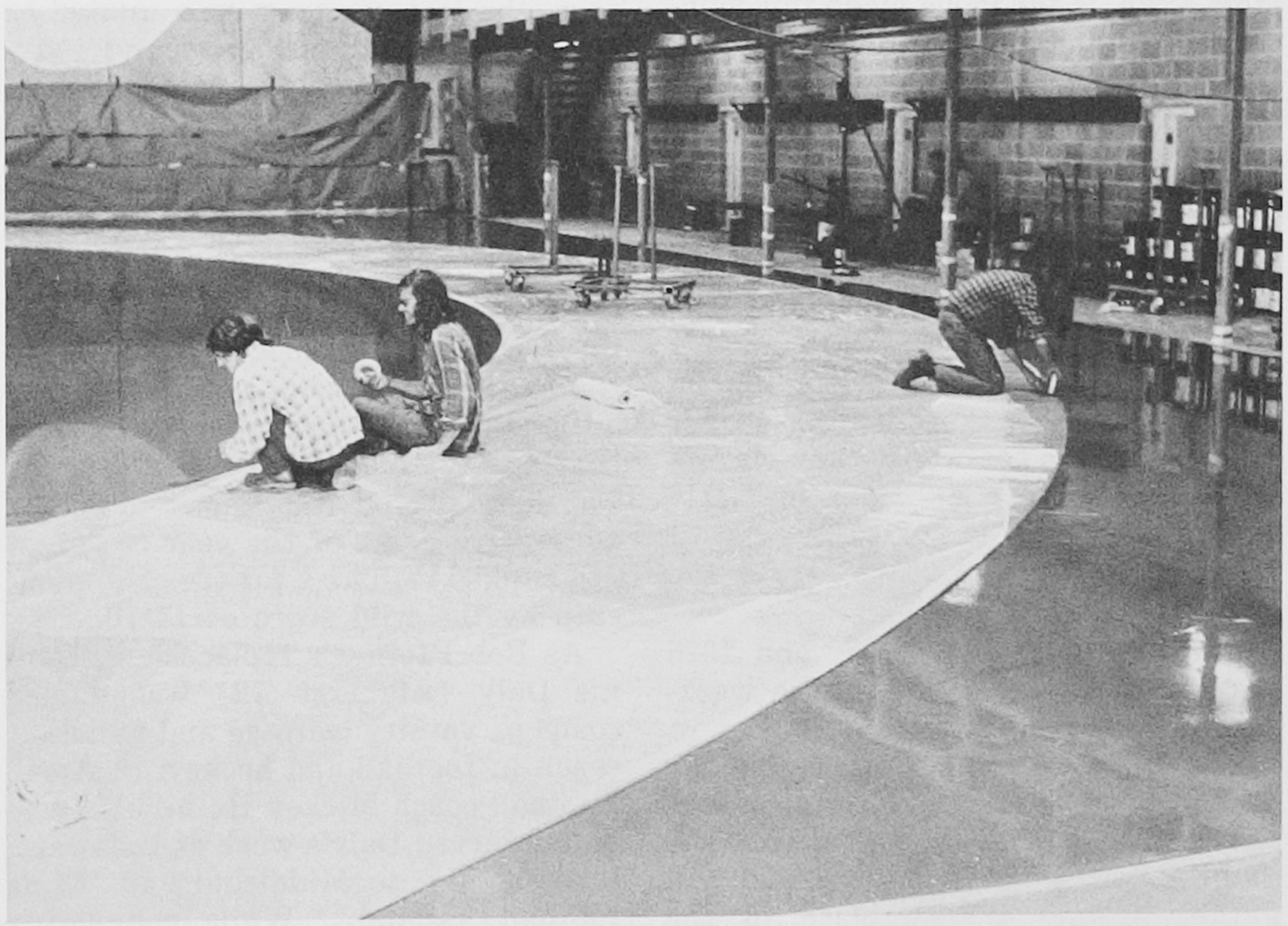
Mr. Kelly majored in math at Middlebury but took his Master's in English. During three years of war service, he attained the rank of Lt. Cmdr., USNR. He returned to the Middlebury faculty after the war, but in 1947 his wife, Catherine Wood '31, died. Two years later he married Elizabeth Baker, then social director and acting dean of women. In the two decades following, Jack and Elizabeth Kelly held a unique place in the affections of thousands of students.

John is survived by Elizabeth Kelly, by his daughter Mrs. Jane Choate, and by a brother, Robert.

Oceanographer Leaves for Woods Hole

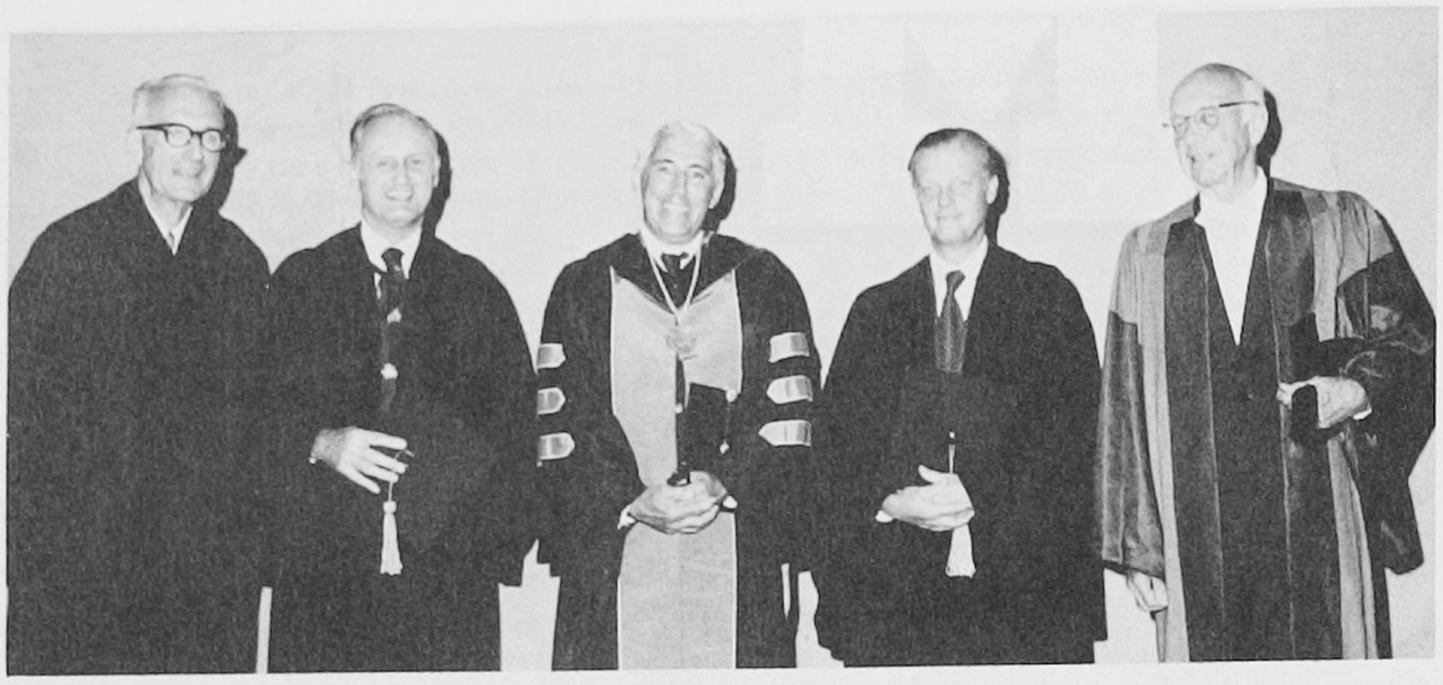
David Folger, who has been the College's oceanographer in the Geology department since 1969, leaves the faculty this summer to work for the US Geological Survey at Woods Hole, Mass. As coordinator of environmental studies for the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, Mr. Folger will be charged with the assessment for the government of the environmental impact of oil exploration on the Eastern continental shelf. He will be surrounded by a small





Brick-red liquid Versaturf, flowed onto track between forms (top) mirrors squash-court doors in Fletcher Field House; later (below), workers mask entire track before applying second coating to green Versaturf "field."

Middlebury enclave at Woods Hole: three alumni, his former students, have been working on this study this past year and they have been joined this summer by four more, from the Class of '75, who will also be working for their former professor during the coming year. In addition to many friends among his students and teachers and townspeople in Middlebury, David leaves as a monument to his infectious can-do enthusiasm the "Bruno Schmidt," the boat for oceanographic studies in Lake Champlain which he secured and his students refinished in 1970 (see "Students with Taste for Champlain Get Beer-Budget Boat," Winter '71 News Letter).



Degrees were awarded to L. Douglas Meredith, Charles Sawyer '37, John Knowles, and John Fairbank.

Changes on the Board

Arnold R. LaForce '35 has been elected chairman of the Board of Trustees replacing L. Douglas Meredith who retired May 31st, after 15 years as trustee, and seven years as chairman. Mr. LaForce has been a trustee since 1961. Elected vice chairman is Hilton Wick (husband of Barbara Shaw Wick '48) who was elected a trustee in 1969. The new secretary of the Board is Albert Coffrin '41, who was named a trustee in 1973. Robert Rivel '42, a trustee since 1970, became a charter trustee on July 1st. Three alumni trustees whose terms expired this June—Charlotte Hickcox '45, David E. Thompson '49, and Jon Groetzinger '71—have been replaced by David Thompson '49 (re-elected). Barbara Grey Villet '52, and Lance Collister '73. Charlotte Hickcox will continue as one of three College representatives on the Board of Directors of Porter Medical Center in Middlebury.

Commencement

On June 1st, the College awarded 408 baccalaureate degrees, 2 Master's, and four honorary degrees. The speaker was Dr. John Knowles for ten years the director of Mass. General in Boston and since 1972 president of the Rockefeller Foundation. The day was humid but cloudy.

Other recipients of honorary degrees were endrocrinologist Charles H. Sawyer '37, Far-East expert John K. Fairbank, and financial analyst and executive L. Douglas Meredith, chairman of the Middlebury board of trustees for the past seven years.

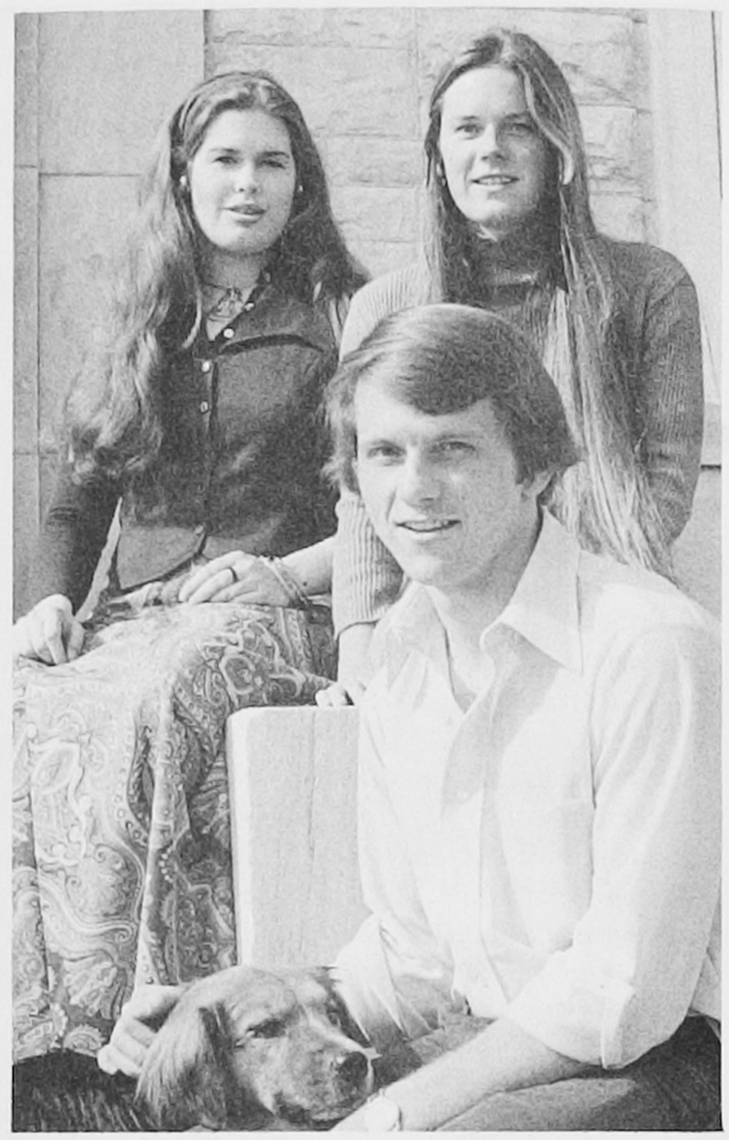
Valedictorians were Joan Carpenter, from Royal Oak, Michigan who majored in Art, and Daniel Heller, an English major from Framingham, Mass.

Salutatorians were History-major Michael Dworkin from Montclair, N.J., and Deborah Shadd from Barrington, Rhode Island, whose major was German.

Of the 408 ABs, 217 went to men, 189 to women: 13 graduated summa cum laude, 29 graduated magna cum laude, and 115 graduated "with honor."

Most Happy Fellows

Four seniors garnered graduate-study fellowships, this year: two Watsons, a Danforth, and an NCAA. Smallest stipend but most select award (only 15 are granted to basketball players throughout the country) went to David Pentkowski, of Proctor, Vermont. The National Collegiate Athletic Association awarded him a $1000 post-graduate scholarship which he hopes to apply toward law school this fall. A political science major, David posted a 3.3 scholastic average on a scale of 4, and recently received the only A in his senior seminar in Poli Sci. In athletics he has shown equal talents in basketball and soccer; he set a new four-year scoring record of 1,131 points in basketball, as he led the Panthers to a record-breaking 17-8 season this year. In soccer Dave played every position except goalie; and was twice co-captain; during his four years the team had two successive undefeated seasons and an overall record of 28-10-2. He received All-New-England soccer honors for three straight years and played all four years in the annual New England



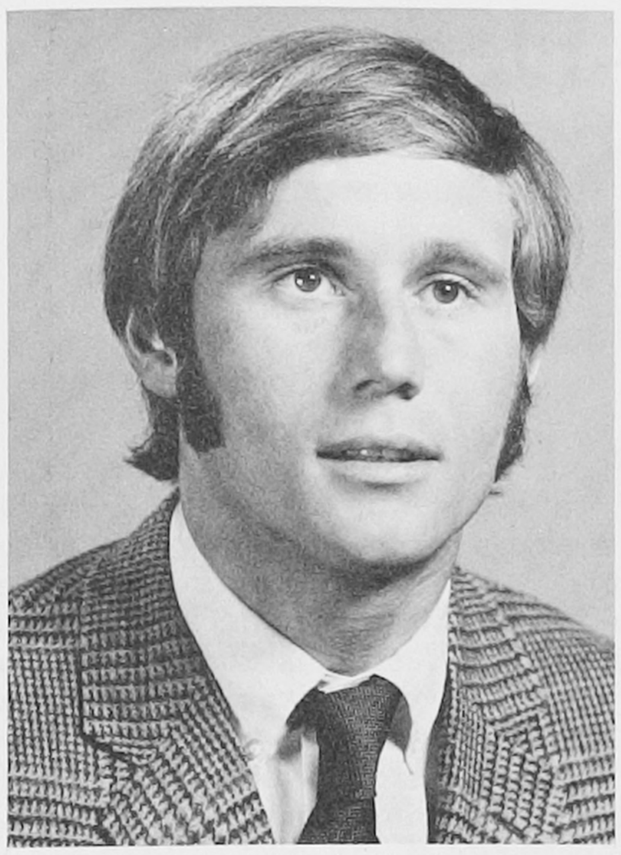
Fellows Meredith Parsons, Laura Ellis, and David Pentkowski. Sandra Chizinsky was not available.

Intercollegiate Soccer League All-Star Game.

One of 65 Danforth Fellowships awarded nationally went to English-major Sandra Chizinsky, in competition with 1700 candidates. The Danforth award provides tuition and living expenses for up to four years of graduate study. From Mohegan Lake, New York, Sandra was a College Scholar throughout her four years.

Watson Fellowship grants of $7,000 for a year's study abroad went to Art-major Laura Ellis of Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey and to Music-major Meredith Parsons of Traverse City, Michigan. Meredith, a mezzo-soprano who wants to sing operatic roles, will work with a voice teacher in England, will visit opera houses throughout much of Europe, and participate in the opera workshop in Salzburg. Her performance as Ruth in *The Pirates of Penzance*, this spring, combined an assured stage presence with a strong, yet sweet voice.

Laura Ellis, another College Scholar, will spend the next academic year in England sketching landscapes, castles, townscapes, and costumes to further her explorations into the illustration of children's books.



Coach Terry Aldrich

Combined title. He was also National Nordic Combined champion in 1966 and '67. Then at the Holmenkollen Festival in 1968 at Oslo, John became the first American ever to win the King's Cup, defeating an international field of Nordic-combined skiers including the newly crowned Olympic champion.

John returned to Middlebury in 1967 as instructor in physical education and the following year was named varsity ski coach. He coached the Panthers to Eastern titles in 1971 and '72 and has continued the Middlebury skiing tradition of always finishing among the top ten in the nation. Since 1968 Bonnie Bower has successfully coached the women's ski team. John and Bonnie will be moving to Park City in September.

Middlebury's new varsity ski coach is Terry Aldrich (St. Lawrence '68) who has coached skiing at New Hampshire for the past three years. He was named EISA Coach of the Year in 1974-'75 for bringing New Hampshire's ski team into top contention in just three years . . . his teams finishing second, fourth, and fourth in the East.

At St. Lawrence, Aldrich co-captained the ski, track, and soccer teams, won most-valuable-skier awards in his last two years, won the skimeister award at the St. Lawrence Winter Carnival, and was named to the Eastern Nordic team in 1968. He is considered one of the last of the "truly great" four-event skiers—a vanishing breed—and is uniquely qualified among today's college coaches to teach downhill, slalom, cross-country, *and* jumping. A native of Tupper Lake, New York, Aldrich was also an outstanding scholar-athlete at Canton, graduating with honors.

New "Sportsnews"

For those alumni—and parents—who wonder how the Middlebury teams are faring but can't find any scores in their newspapers, help is on the way: starting in September a new "Panther Sportsnews" will report results of all men's and women's intercollegiate athletic contests. The six-to-eight-page news sheet will be mailed first-class to all subscribers every Tuesday during the sport seasons—about 25 issues in all. Those who want to keep in touch—with not just the scores but what actually happened—should send their $10 subscription fee to "Panther Sportsnews, Middlebury Memorial Field House, Middlebury, Vermont 05753." John Estle '74 is the editor.

Big Money in Laundering

Professor of Economics Klaus Wolff has received The Newcomen Award in Business History for his research into the origins of the chemical industry in the development of detergents and bleaches for the textile industry, 1750-1825. The paper reporting his findings was published in the Summer '74 issue of *The Business History Review*, under the title, "Textile Bleaching and the Birth of the Chemical Industry." A check for $250 accompanied the Award.

As we all learned in high school, the textile industry was one of the earliest to be swept up in the Industrial Revolution; with the production of cotton fabric increasing logarithmically, so did the need for washing and bleaching agents to "finish" the cloth properly. The production of potash by burning wood could not keep up with demand and when a French chemist, Le Blanc, discovered how to produce soda from common salt using sulfuric acid and when his compatriot, Berthollet, discovered in 1790 that the by-product, chlorine, in solution was a powerful bleach (i.e., Chlorox)—growth of the chemical industry was underway. This growth centered on soda, sulfuric acid, and chlorine; the first chemical factories were soda works (e.g., BASF).

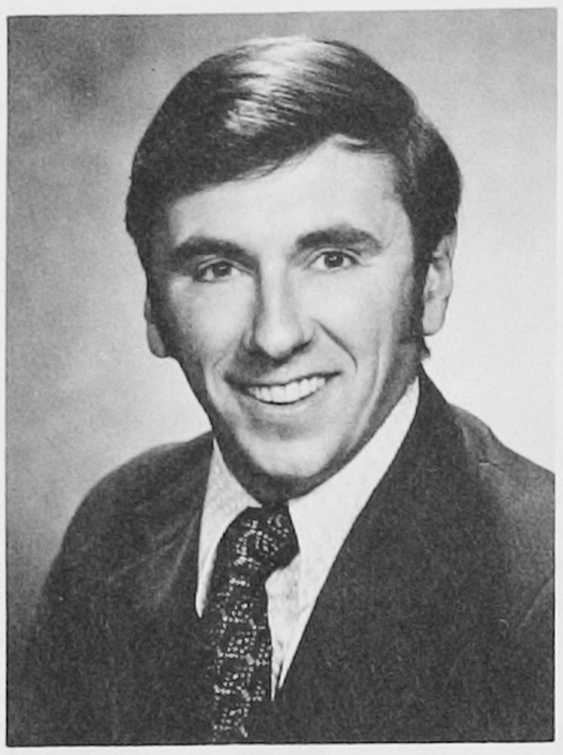
The economics of this story had never been systematically explored and reported, Mr. Wolff found, and after digging into it—principally in England and Scotland, but also on the Continent—he and Alastair Durie, of the University of Aberdeen, are now "the world authorities" on the subject, he says.

. . . by Will to the College on the Hill

From the estate of Adam G. Aitchison, $13,232.50 to establish The Betty Jean Aitchison '45 Scholarship Fund in the permanent endowment of Middlebury College.

From the estate of Louise Plaisted, $45,087.85 subject to payment of life income to two named beneficiaries. Following the death of the beneficiaries, funds are to be added to the Louise Plaisted Scholarship Fund earlier established in the permanent endowment of Middlebury College by the gifts of the late Louise Plaisted.

From the estate of W. Curtis Johnson, $110,336.57 to establish The William Curtis Johnson and Edith Moulton Abernethy Johnson Memorial Fund in the permanent endowment of Middlebury College. Use of income unrestricted.



Ed Sommers '60

Ed Sommers to Knox College

From Middlebury's main street to an old Illinois farmhouse eight miles from town, is the move made this summer by Ed Sommers '60, wife Jane '62, and the three junior Sommerses.

After 13 years at Middlebury (assistant director of Admissions for 7 years, assistant director of development for 4 years, and associate director of development for annual funds since 1973), Ed has gone to Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, as vice president for development. The fourth floor of Old Chapel will be less rollicking in his absence but the pee-wee hockey players around Knox have gained a first-rate mentor and referee.

Dates to Remember

The 5th year, 10th year, and 15th year reunions will occur on the weekend of September 19-21.

The Class of '60 will assemble for dinner in the Bread Loaf dining room; the Class of '65 will convene at the Snow Bowl; and the Class of '70 will gather around the fireplace in the Bread Loaf Barn. Saturday's game with Colby will open the 1975 football campaign and, as a special added attraction, a full moon has been laid on for Saturday night.

Three weeks later, October 11-12, is alumni Homecoming Weekend and the Panthers will meet Williams at Porter Field in two contests: soccer at 11:00 am and football at 2:00. The following weekend, October 18-19, is Parents' Weekend; the football game is with Hamilton.

Another Good Year for Sports

Women's teams did well this year: both lacrosse teams were unbeaten ("A", 5-0-0; "B", 3-0-0), as was the field hockey "A" team (8-0-1)—and the tennis girls were 7-1-1. Even the swimming team won three, while losing two, and the field hockey "B" team was 3-2-1. In the Northeast Field Hockey Assoc. tournament, Midd women lost to Northeastern but tied Yale, and topped Bates.

Except for track (3-6), the men's teams had exceptional seasons, also: the baseball team's 9-3 record was the best since 1949 (10-3) (and topped by other Middlebury nines only in 1892 (9-2) and 1914 (11-2-1)). The lacrosse team at 10-5 was the best since 1969 (13-1) and the third-best since the sport came to Middlebury in 1949—Joe Morrone's 1965 team went 10 and 2.

Tenth-ranked in New England this year, the lacrosse team was invited to Williamstown for the post-season tournament to decide the ECAC New England Regional College Division Lacrosse Championship. In the old "win-one-for-the-Gipper" tradition, the Panther team, knowing this was Coach Bob Pfeiffer's last season (he's resigning coaching to go into student counselling), were determined to bring home the cup to cap off his coaching career with a flourish—and they did. After beating 5th-ranked Wesleyan, 8-4, the Panthers played their most doggedly aggressive game of the year to defeat 4th-ranked Williams for the championship by the wild score of 11-10.

As Bob Pfeiffer's replacement, Dennis Daly (Amherst '72) was named coach of varsity lacrosse and assistant coach in football and hockey, in April. Football coach Mickey Heinecken, who had observed Daly's work at Delaware, brought him to Middlebury in '73 as football assistant. While completing graduate work at UMass in sports administration this past year, Mr. Daly has been defensive coach to Amherst's lacrosse team.

In other news from Memorial Field House, hockey coach Wendy Forbes '51, whose team finished 15-7-1 this year, was named College-division "Coach of the Year" this spring and flew to Miami to accept the award at the annual meeting of the American Hockey Coaches Association. In Division II play, last year, the Panthers' record was 3-12-0; this year it was 10-5-1.

Coach Bob Pfeiffer

Coach Wendell Forbes '51

Bower to coach US Team; replaced by Terry Aldrich

Ski coach John Bower '63 resigned in April to accept appointment as Nordic program director of the U.S. National Ski Team at Park City, Utah. John will direct the training of American cross-country racers (men and women) and jumpers, who are preparing for the 1976 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck.

Bower skied on Middlebury's teams in 1959, '60, '61, and '63; in 1961 when Middlebury finished second in the nation, John won the NCAA Nordic

thing to do—but all the same one learns a lot in a very short time.

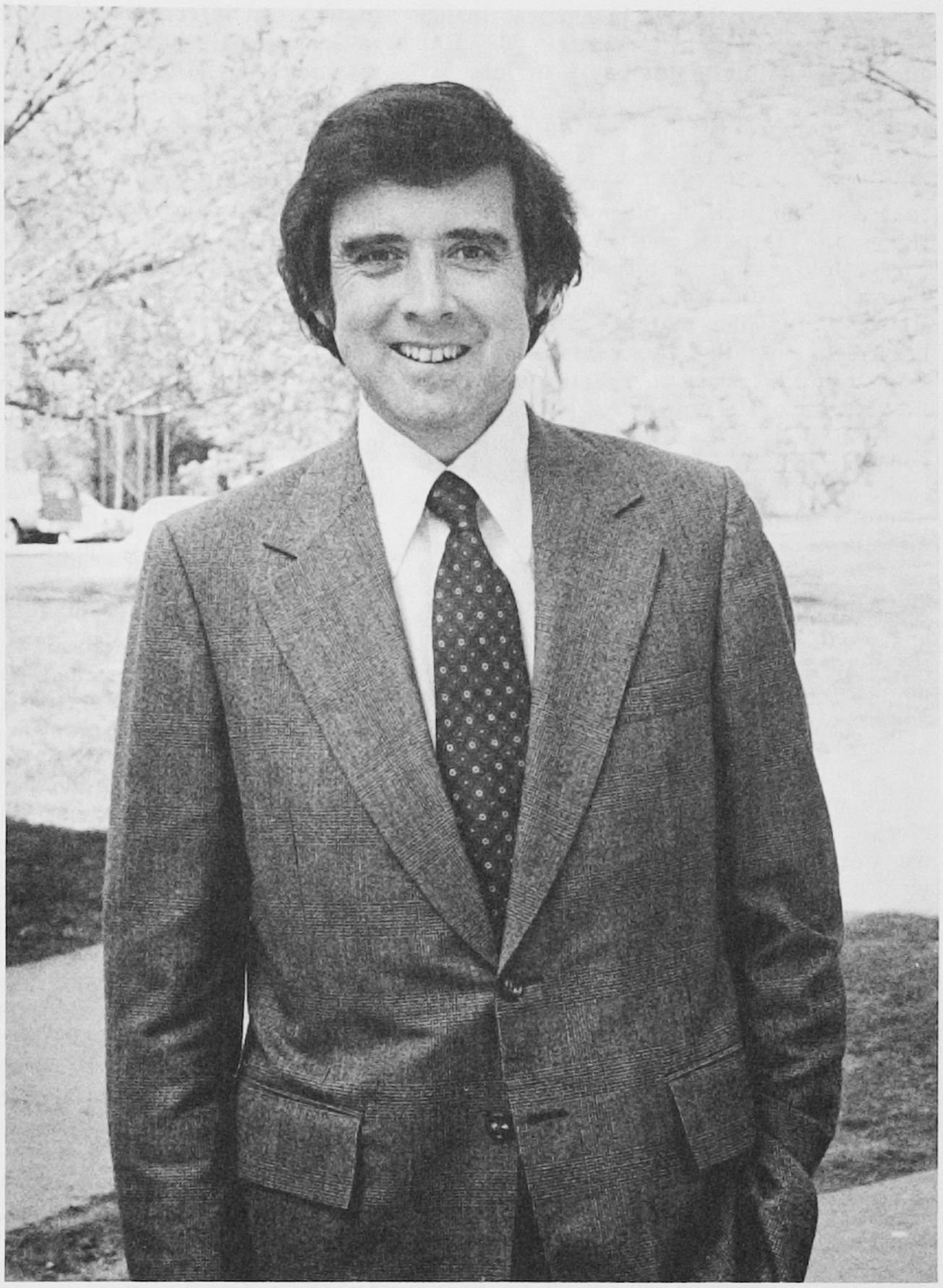
Q: In 1966-68 when you were working for the State Department, did your support of American foreign policy occasion any personal ethical tensions? Or did the aspects of that policy on which you worked appear reasonably consonant with Christian ethics?

R: I first began to develop some feelings about the problematic nature of America's involvement in Southeast Asia during the Peace Corps years. Like everyone else, I had responded with some enthusiam to President Kennedy's inaugural address when he asked us to "bear any burden, pay any price" to make the world safe for democracy. That seemed an appropriate thing to me. I remember not knowing where Vietnam was and asking a fellow Oxonian one day where Laos was and he said, "It's not pronounced Lay-os, old chap, it's 'Louse' and it's somewhere over there between India and Japan."

While working for Undersecretary Johnson who had just returned from a tour as Deputy Ambassador to Saigon and had become a major spokesman for State Department policy, I became his speechwriter. I soon had some problems with that, because the speeches which were being written were largely copies of all the speeches that had gone before. The usual method of writing those speeches was to ask, "Mr. Secretary, what do you want to say?" To which his reply was, "Well, get the file on my previous speeches and the Secretary's previous speeches, and the President's previous speeches, and see what you can put together."

At some juncture, I expressed my discomfort, saying I did not know what I was doing and was not convinced that our policies were either right or practical. He suggested that I go out to Vietnam and have a look. So I spent some time in the Philippines, in South Vietnam, and in Thailand, talking with various people there, flying around Vietnam in small aircraft and seeing a number of the different kinds of operations which were then thought to be effective.

In addition to writing I began to speak for the State Department. Those were the days of campus teach-ins, speak-ins, and so forth. The usual format for those occasions was to pit the Washington visitor against the local firebrand—quite often a rising young political science professor. It was the local team versus the visiting team. I tried to explain what the Government was doing and how it was organized in this effort, rather than to defend US policy. Once I went to a community meeting which, as I recall, was sponsored by "The Westchester County Coordinating Committee for Justice Now." My position was what it had always been: that I was not there to defend the Government policy but could answer questions on how the Government had arrived at certain decisions and what it was doing to implement them. The anger of the audience at their inability to communicate their anxieties and feelings to the Government was so overwhelming that I went back to the State Department and told the Undersecretary that I would not make any more speeches. There was no pressure to continue, and that was the end of my speech-making. It had become extremely uncomfortable.



President-elect Olin C. Robison

I never had any role in the policy-making, but had nonetheless seen a great deal of it going on. I sat and listened; I saw many of the military intelligence reports as they came in simply by nature of my slot in the organization. My own anxiety about it grew along with that of most other thinking Americans. I certainly cannot claim to have been the first, nor the last, to have perceived the difficulties and to have felt, and agonized over, the moral quandary we were in. It is my impression that the process was similar for most Americans.

Q: In '67 and '68 our own involvement was still relatively modest, wasn't it, compared to what it later became? Didn't we really begin to get in there in '65?

A Conversation with the President-Elect

Two weeks after the election of Dr. Robison as Middlebury's 13th president, we drove over to Brunswick, Maine and taped a get-acquainted interview. We found the president-elect to be relaxed, informal, soft-spoken, very easy to talk to. As the Robison children played in the backyard —it was a crisp sunny Saturday afternoon in May—Olin Robison in jeans and a workman's blue shirt sat in a wing-back chair beside his early Federal fireplace and, as two antique clocks stepped off the seconds, responded quietly to our questions:

Q: There are some interesting transitions in your career; you trained for the ministry, you took your doctorate in church history, and then you did administrative work for the Peace Corps. With that background, how did you come to move into political affairs and into international relations?

Robison: It was a matter of interest and good luck. I had a number of friends in the State Department and in the White House. While in the Peace Corps serving as Director of University Affairs, I got a call one day asking if I would be interested in being interviewed by an Undersecretary of State for a position as his assistant. Of course I was. A few days later I was working for Deputy Undersecretary U. Alexis Johnson. He subsequently left that post to take an ambassadorial assignment in Japan, and was succeeded by Foy Kohler, then returning from Moscow. When Mr. Kohler retired from the foreign service, he was succeeded by Charles Bohlen. They simply passed me on from one to the other. This was a position in the State Department dealing with political, military, and intelligence affairs on a global basis and it provided an exceptional opportunity for a crash course in international affairs, already a growing interest of mine. At Wesleyan I taught a number of courses building on that experience. Here at Bowdoin I have just completed a seminar course on "US-Soviet Relations in the '70s," dealing with the period from the end of World War II to the present and giving special attention to current problems between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Q: Going back to the earlier days, what had directed you toward the ministry in the first place? Was your father a minister?

R: My father was a carpenter in Texas who, sometime during my boyhood, became a postman. He is still a postman in Port Arthur, Texas. Church, home, and school were the three main pillars of my life. The church was a conservative, fundamentalist Baptist Church and the minister was a very prominent figure in that world. In that totally working-class community, the minister was the only professional person I knew, except for an occasional doctor, and so he was an obvious role model. The Southern Baptists in my home town were at the far right-wing of the Southern Baptist spectrum, and yet we thought they were the liberals! And one doesn't "choose" to go into the ministry in that world, one is "called". So I suppose it's not terribly surprising that somewhere in high school I decided that's what I was meant to do.

Q: After you received your doctorate in 1963, what were your career plans at that time? Were you hoping to teach, and if so, in religion, or in history, or both?

R: In all honesty my plans were vague. In a sense my chief ambition had been satisfied by receiving an Oxford doctorate. I had gone to Oxford from Texas with much of the cynicism young men often carry with them about their homes and the people they have known well. I wanted to go back to the Southwest to see if I could live there. So I accepted a teaching position at a coeducational prep school in the hill country between Austin and San Antonio. I taught there for a year, also serving as Dean of Students, and discovered that I enjoyed it very much. After Oxford I had expected to do one of two things: teach or remain in the ministry. I had already pastored a small central-Texas church, I had been an auxiliary chaplain for the Air Force in England, and during that year in San Marcos I was the interim minister of a fairly substantial Baptist Church in San Antonio.

That spring I was offered a job in the Peace Corps, and given a week in which to decide whether or not I would take it. That same week, very much to my surprise, I was offered the pastorate of the San Antonio church. That was one of the great crossroads for me—to go to Washington, which was the unknown and the adventurous, or to become minister of that church, which was what I had been preparing for all those years.

Q: In San Antonio?

R: In San Antonio. Well, I went to Washington and very soon the die was cast in that direction. I could just as well have gone in the other direction and I suppose that had I done so, I would now be pastor of a church somewhere in the Southwest. I might well have been reasonably happy doing that.

Q: What did you do for the Peace Corps?

R: My job was to establish and supervise training programs on university campuses around the country, through which volunteers were put before going overseas.

Q: Did you go directly to Washington or did you begin as a regional director of the Peace Corps. . . .

R: "Regional Officer" meant that—it didn't make much sense—I was responsible for all of the university programs in a geographic area. My assignment was the northwestern part of the country bounded by imaginary lines drawn between Albuquerque, New Mexico; Portland, Oregon; and Billings, Montana. I became very familiar with the mountain valleys via the ancient DC3's of Northwest and Frontier Airlines. Then I was promoted to the position of overseeing recruiting efforts. The universities were, and I suppose still are, the Peace Corps' prime recruiting grounds for volunteers. The Peace Corps Administration was noteworthy because of its rapid personnel turnover. About 50% of the staff left in any given year, which meant that all one had to do to get rapid promotion was simply to stay; after a year one became one of the senior people.

There was a great deal of travelling. I must have been on the road 30 or 40% of the time in those days. In the two years in the Peace Corps I must have visited approximately 50 colleges and universities—which was a very grueling

crises, and along patterns emerging out of public discussion of the choices facing the Republic. There is no question but that our status as "most powerful country" in all of those senses in which power is measured, remains the same. Many of our allies, however, must get anxious as they watch us, because to the degree that we are uncertain about ourselves, they must be even more so. All of our allies want to set their own policies in ways which will at least anticipate what we are going to do or not do. Powerful nations need to be predictable, otherwise both friend and foe are constantly off-guard.

Q: There's been a lot of internal debate in the last year or so—well, ever since Nixon's opening to China, I guess—about the notion of detente and whether it is a workable policy. If detente with the Russians and Chinese is to be workable, how do you draw the line between international cooperation on the one hand and remaining true to our own political ideals on the other? Do we simply say, "Anything you want to do within your own borders is your business and none of ours"? Or do we try to defend and support certain humane ideals everywhere in the world?

R: I hope that's your *hard* question!

Q: To come down to specifics, do we protest the stifling of free expression of ideas or the torture of intellectuals in Chile, South Africa, every other authoritarian regime? How far can we cooperate with any inhuman political system without being traitors to our own democratic birthright?

R: There is no simple answer to that. At the same time, it is clear that we are not going to be able to reform the Russians or the Chinese into a pattern of thinking more like ours, and yet it would be folly of the highest order to cease to search for ways to get along with these other great powers. Somehow or other, we are going to have to find ways to be more comfortable with ourselves in building stable relationships with the USSR and China. Human survival depends on it. I am convinced that it is *absolutely* imperative that detente, or the same kind of policy under another name, succeed with the Soviet Union: the presence of a nuclear arsenal on both sides gives no other reasonable choice. It does not seem to me that detente means ignoring ideological differences. The differences are deep and profound. That means that finding common ground is and will remain difficult. But there really is no viable alternative.

Q: To detente, in some sense. . . .

R: To detente. It means that, however difficult, ways must be found to stay back from the brink of holocaust. Much of what is going on today has to do with making the United States and the Soviet Union interdependent on each other in diplomatic and commercial ways, as well as by symbolic ties in other areas like the joint space shot and the cultural exchanges. The more interdependent we become, the less likely we are to go to war with each other.

One interesting aspect of the current relations between our two countries is that the United States has come to its current position of great power through 200 years of victories of one sort or another and has now tasted what is publicly perceived as a defeat. The Soviet Union has come to its present position through nearly a thousand years of multiple defeats and is now beginning to taste the heady wine of some victories with accompanying new confidence. Who knows how this may complicate the relationship between these two great industrial giants?

Q: And short of going to the brink with a nation like Russia, are there other ways in which we can express to them our repugnance at certain of their acts? I'm talking about the suppression of dissident intellectuals, that kind of thing.

R: Yes, I think that there are such ways and I think we must do it. We ought to keep all possible pressure on the Soviets to allow the free movement of peoples and the free expression of ideas. But it is probably in our best interest that we usually draw up short of saying that "if you *don't* do these things in ways to our liking, then we're not going to play ball, we're not going to negotiate, we're not going to seek the other areas of possible cooperation." It's interesting to speculate that the fate of mankind may well rest in the subleties of relationships and diplomatic skills of two relatively young nations.

Q: Ok, I'm going to ask one question on education. . . .

R: I'm surprised, I thought we were probably going to talk quite a lot about education. . . .

Q: No, I think you ought to have a honeymoon of at least one year before being asked for your philosophy of education. Within today's shrunken job market, those liberal-arts graduates who are without training in any vocational skills are finding that no one wants to hire them. What do you say to an entering freshman whose parents are prepared to give him four years of college but who also knows he will have to start earning his living thereafter and is wondering whether he can afford to "indulge" himself with a liberal-arts education instead of taking some form of vocational training?

R: First, I don't look upon a liberal arts education as an indulgence. It is expensive and it is probably not everyone's cup of tea. But liberal arts education has provided and continues to provide the base upon which most other higher education in this country builds. My prejudices on the subject reflect certain Oxford attitudes. In England, many feel that the possession of an Oxford degree signifies that a person has learned to think critically and write logically within a humanistic framework. The validity of this assumption cannot be proved. However, it reflects an appropriate goal for liberal arts institutions.

Most of us spend our working lives closely related to one or more institutions —whether business, education, church, or government. Four years of liberal arts education will only rarely give an individual the vocational training necessary for success in these professions. However, a liberal arts education should provide the individual with a broad exposure to the great Western intellectual tradition on which our culture is based. It ought to provide the individual with a context and a sharpened sense of value against which to measure himself and his institutions.

Q: Well, a student could agree with all that and still could point to the statistics that people thus educated and prepared are not yet accepted by potential employers as having anything to offer them. If a person has to make his own living, what. . . .

R: I think that's obviously a valid concern but it is not one to which the liberal arts college can give a satisfactory economic answer. I put that question to a group of insurance company presidents a few weeks ago at a very pleasant luncheon meeting. Their response was, "Give us a liberal arts graduate who has partaken of that kind of broad curriculum, and we will train him to meet our specifications. Our training will be built on top of his work in English or Classics or Economics. We want sophisticated, humane people who can write the English language coherently and who are prepared to see their work in some larger context." I do not know if his personnel officer knows that he is saying that. But at least the president of one major company is saying this kind of thing and is claiming that other company presidents feel the same way. Most of the leaders of our society will continue to come from colleges and universities like Middlebury. Our responsibility is to give them the kind of intellectual and social experience upon which they can build full and useful lives. □

R: The buildup began in earnest in '65 and reached its zenith in early '68. But the real turning point came in late '67 and early '68. General Earle Wheeler was dispatched to Vietnam on a special mission by the President. He came back with the report that, despite the fact that we had half a million troops stationed in Vietnam, control of the situation would require another half-million. President Johnson, who had gotten involved in incremental stages, must have been appalled by the recommendation, for that was the point at which he said, "No." If one looks back for the decision that enough was enough, that's probably where it was. It seems to me that from that point on, it has been a problem of how to disengage.

Q: Eight long years. . . .

R: Eight long years. The agony for me has been to watch the machinations of the domestic politics of withdrawal; the domestic politics of absorbing defeat; the domestic political ramifications for office-holders of presiding over the admission of a mistake, a serious mistake, one which was costly in lives and dollars and morale. I subscribe to the theory that we were in Vietnam largely because it was a logical extension of all of our post-war policies. Once begun, more troops and more materials were put in because the military kept saying that that was all they needed to "get the job done." The general military prescription was to do *more* of what we were already doing, and that was what we proceeded to do. That policy continued until President Johnson said "No" to General Wheeler's request.

Q: In general terms and disregarding for the moment Vietnam, what is your impression of the success of our foreign policy since 1966?

R: We remain the most powerful and most influential country in the world, militarily, diplomatically, and economically. I think we're into a transition period of extraordinary importance, but also of exceptional uncertainty. We are all ambivalent about what role our country should play in world affairs during the next quarter century. There was national consensus during the intensive years of the Cold War that communism had to be contained within its current borders at any cost. But that no longer obtains. Few Americans now think of our country as global policeman—or even as global parent. The missionary zeal of the early Kennedy years is completely gone—and that was such a few short years ago.

Since leaving the State Department in 1968 I have been privileged to remain involved in international affairs through several professional organizations and was elected to the Board of Directors of the Atlantic Council in 1973. I have also travelled extensively in Europe and the Soviet Union. The contacts and friendships growing out of these activities have given me grave reservations about our ability to handle non-crisis problems, but at the same time I am optimistic about our ability to avoid nuclear confrontation.

We have been fortunate in discovering that the Russians are basically rational. They are not and are not likely to become our ideological kin. However, in each moment of high tension—from the Cuban missile crisis on—the Soviet leaders have shown themselves disinclined to move toward nuclear war. They have shown themselves to be extremely reluctant to play a game of serious brinksmanship.

The balance of world power becomes more complex as China begins to emerge as a major power of the future. China is not now a major power except by virtue of numbers of people. Even so, the Soviet Union no longer considers the United States to be potential enemy number one; they think of the Chinese in that regard. The Chinese now consider the Soviets, rather than the US, as potential enemy number one. One British friend of mine says that the antagonism between the believer and the heretic is always greater than the antagonism between the believer and the heathen, and we have the advantage of being the heathen in this triangular relationship.

My own fears have to do with our inexperience at developing, fostering, maintaining, and conducting an American foreign policy in the absence of a national consensus about what it ought to be. In most of the 30 years since World War II, there has been a consensus. That consensus was to contain communism by whatever means necessary, whether by military potential, or the development of the Peace Corps, or American foreign aid, or the United Nations. There was a great deal of disagreement about what we ought to be doing, when and where, but when the crisis moments came, the American people were united in the fact that communism had to be stopped—or at least inhibited or contained. And I don't think that consensus is nearly as clear-cut today as it used to be: there is certainly no consensus that it is our job to intervene in crisis circumstances around the world and somehow or other bear any burden, pay any price, as President Kennedy admonished us to do.

It's a good mental exercise to think back on the Kennedy inaugural, 14 years ago, and think about that speech which was one of the more significant speeches of our time. It was not a speech which was *leading* American foreign policy; it genuinely reflected the American mood at that moment. That was the genius of it. But it is mind-boggling to think of that speech being made by any American in a position of leadership today. That it was so appropriate then and would be so out-of-bounds today shows how much change has taken place in so short a time. But my own hope is that the American people, in whom I have high confidence, will realize that with great wealth—which we have, with great power—which we have, there goes great responsibility, and that while we do not have consensus, we nonetheless do have responsibility, and somehow or other we must find means of meeting that responsibility.

Q: Isn't there an obligation either in the Federal leadership or in the intellectual leadership of the country to nurture a new consensus as to what our foreign policy ought to be?

R: I think there is, but I think it will be very slow in coming. Because of the divisiveness of the Vietnam experience we have discovered as a people that there are limits to the uses of our power. Even though most Americans are not reluctant to concede that with power goes responsibility, it is not going to be easy for American political leaders to lead a country which is not sure where it wants to be led. And American politicians have not been noteworthy in the last 200 years for providing non-consensus leadership in foreign affairs. They have not been called on to do so. We have only been a world power for the last 30 years.

The problem is compounded in that the various major power relationships in the world are much more complex than at any time in the past. The American people are not accustomed to subtleties and complexities in dealings with other nations. Since World War II politicians have sought and gained support for American programs abroad by citing what this or that program would do to assist in the containment of communism. No such easy handle exists today. A new consensus will require insightful and skillful leadership which, in my judgment, is yet to emerge.

Q: Well, this looks like a rather bleak next decade then, if we have to wait upon events rather than deciding in advance what our own policy should be . . . I mean if our political pundits aren't going to supply it, from whence will it come?

R: The real answer must surely be that no one knows. Presumably, if we are to have a new consensus on foreign affairs, it will grow in time out of reactions to

equally impossible. Although his contract was not renewed, he nevertheless had a kind of magic and inspiration which I have rarely encountered.

Another course—which I thoroughly enjoyed but some of my classmates did not—was French grammar taught by the redoubtable Mme Colette Stourdzé. So thoroughly did she know French that we felt she must have invented the language. Our work involved a certain amount of translation and we were further awed to discover that she knew correct English better than some of us did.

After three years of teaching, I returned to the Middlebury campus in 1963 as one of Claude Bourcier's secretaries.

Since the retirement of the great Vincent Guilloton, Jean Boorsch had been appointed director of the French School. That summer was incredibly hot; also incredibly confusing—though my colleague Nancyann Orth and I tried to keep the pandemonium within bounds —and incredibly full of apparently urgent telephone calls from the director's office in Forest.

One piece of fun in that happy summer was a satirical skit we staged in the French School talent show in August. "La Vie de Bureau" (Life in the Office) was written by Nancyann Orth, Jean-Pierre Boorsch, and me and was based on our experiences in M. Bourcier's office.

Jean-Pierre was on the staff as the "zèbre"—office boy, messenger, mail carrier, or what-have-you. About 20 at the time, his enthusiasm for his work was less than total: his favorite expression was "J'en ai marre" ("I'm fed up!" or "I've had it!"). Simply by playing himself to perfection, he was a natural star of the show, but the best actor was Jan Lobelle, who played Bourcier and who needed a minimum of coaching to resemble the rotund, quick-stepping, ever-busy dean. Bourcier, who had known nothing about our efforts until he saw himself on stage, kept chuckling for days.

One of Bourcier's greatest attributes was that of seeming to be everywhere at once. Nothing escaped his attention and interest. He managed all the details of the school's daily operation; he turned up at every concert (for which he had made all the arrangements); he acted in nearly every play; he rehearsed and directed the choir for "L 'Heure Spirituelle" on Sundays; he taught an extremely popular course in French

French Summer School farce on the hectic office of Dean Bourcier stars Ted Smith, Nancyann Orth, and Jan Lobelle.

civilization; and still found time to counsel students or faculty who needed guidance (or, in some cases, discipline). And as if all that were not enough, he often turned up amid the roisterous revelry at the Inn to sing along or trade stories with the rest of us. No one whose life he touched will ever forget him; indeed, we all remember him with the greatest affection and respect.

I returned in 1964, again as one of his secretaries. It was another beastly hot summer, but things were running more smoothly, and our generous boss often let his helpers, Betty Evans and me, off-duty in mid-afternoon to take a warm swim in Lake Dunmore, a cold shower in Ripton Gorge, or whatever suited our fancy. Since the Château was comfortable even on the hottest days, we would sometimes browse in the French Bookstore, then located in a nearby classroom, and chat with the always genial and now so sadly lost Kent Carr.

That summer of '64 was probably the best one I had ever enjoyed at Middlebury, and when I left, I felt I was leaving a kind of home. It had included many congenial gatherings in the apartment of Michel Guilloton—poet, pre-hippie, and an intense and highly intelligent teacher. It also included a number of good conversations with Miss Huntley, the long-time housekeeper of the Château, who always spoke to me in whispered English lest any of the students overhear and be corrupted.

I had first met Miss Huntley one evening in 1958 when I was doing my laundry in the Château basement. She padded about in slippers so softly that one was never aware of her presence until she spoke. After she greeted me and I had put myself back in my skin, we chatted awhile, then having told me how to iron my shirts, she disappeared as quietly as she had come. Miss Huntley occupied a tiny cubicle on the ground floor of the Château, from which she would emerge to go about her work, largely out of everyone's sight and hearing. Once a week, however, she would march out the back door to take her ancient black Chevrolet for a spin. The beginnings of these weekly odysseys were always announced by great roarings and gaspings of the engine as she coaxed it to life.

She felt very possessive about the Château and its contents, especially the handsome Grand Salon, and most of all the grand piano, there. People kept opening the big French doors, and Miss Huntley felt that the outside heat and humidity were bad for the piano, so she posted bold signs that the doors were not to be opened "parce que le piano" (instead of "à cause du piano"... because *of* the piano). Her grammar may not have been perfect, but her devotion to Middlebury was without question.

Mine too. □

Remembrance of Summers Past

By Theodore S. Smith, Jr. MA '60

As I first approached the Middlebury College Summer School campus on a beautiful day in June, 1958, I had every reason to feel confident and happy. The prospect of spending six weeks at the most prestigious language school in the country was sending electric impulses up and down my spine and the perfect weather was showing off the verdant countryside at its best.

Yet as my Hamilton classmate, Bill Mould, and I crossed from New York into Vermont, I began to get cold feet. Me at Middlebury? I had been a pretty decent French student, but still, I was just a lowly undergraduate.

I was pleased to find a campus much like the one at Hamilton where we had spent the past three years, a campus I greatly admired for its age, symmetry, and perspective. Bill found his room in the Château, but for some reason my room in Battell North was not ready, so I camped out in the Château that first night. The place was so attractive that I arranged the next day to stay there the rest of the summer. In fact, the Château was to be my summer home the following year as well, and my home and office when I returned as Claude Bourcier's secretary in 1963 and 1964. Of all the beautiful buildings on the campus, it is still my favorite.

Those first days in the summer of '58 were awe-inspiring: we began to see why Middlebury had gained its reputation. We also began to know the intense pressures of living in another language without surcease. We had taken our pledge, and we kept it: French, French, French, nothing but French, morning, noon, and night. Except, of course, when we ordered a beer at the Inn, the Bear, or other local watering holes. (When we wanted to feel a bit classy, we went to the Waybury Inn; when we felt like letting it all hang out, we went to the Cannon Restaurant, across from the movie house.)

The Champlain Bridge was the frontier, though. Once into New York and ensconced in the none-too-glamorous Trading Post, a mile or so south of the bridge, some of us felt free to speak English, whatever school we were enrolled in. It was the only place where my best friend from high school and I could communicate, since he was in the Spanish School and I in the French. So every once in awhile we'd meet at the Trading Post to compare experiences and blow off a little steam.

But we *worked* back at school. In 1958, as undergraduates among a widely diverse group aged 20 to 80, most of whom were teachers (past, present, or future), we felt that everyone else knew the language much better than we did and every waking moment was a challenge. I doubt that it has changed much; combat training is the best there is, but it's not easy.

Of course there were lighter moments. The plays were always fun, as were the foreign flicks downtown. And then we had the after-dinner "Mitch Miller" sing-alongs, led by the inimitable Claude Bourcier and the irrepressible Louise Crandall. Who will ever forget Louise teaching us "Frou-Frou," with gestures to more than match the words? Afterwards we would climb the hill behind Forest, past the indefatigible German folk dancers and the soulful Russian chorus, and watch the sun set over the Adirondacks and Lake Champlain. The beauty of the scene and the feeling of communality were exquisite.

When I was accepted for the Graduate Program in France for 1959-60, that meant I had to spend the summer of '59 at Middlebury, too. If that sounds like an onerous obligation, it most certainly was not. Having survived the previous year, I felt I was ready for anything. The second summer was a pleasure: now familiar with the routines, I knew many of the people and was even able to cope with the strangling red tape which seemed part of every visit to Old Chapel. Actually, this proved good preparation for the bureaucracy we were later to encounter in France.

One office, however, where we were always received with courtesy was that of the Language Schools director, Stephen Freeman. Dr. Freeman, though rarely seen in person, by a quiet but firm leadership made his presence felt everywhere. One could not help admiring his vigor, his dry humor, his omniscience, and his genuine interest in every student. He was the embodiment of all that the graduate programs stood for.

After two summers, too, we came to appreciate the quality of education we were receiving from such great and well-remembered professors as René Guiet, Marc Denkinger, Renée Perrot-Orangers, Léontine Moussu, Guy Forgue, Maurice Rambaud, André Malécot, and so many others.

M. Malécot taught us phonetics to the point of exhaustion (ours, not his). Indeed, he always had energy to spare. We invented a verb "malécoter", in honor of his vigor and versatility.

After two summers at Middlebury-in-Vermont, Middlebury-in-Paris seemed a breeze by comparison. Oh, we still had to work, and work hard but by then we were well-prepared.

Mme Moussu, our directress for the first semester, taught us phonetics. Mme Moussu was no longer young and we had already been so thoroughly "malécotisés" that we hardly needed further training in phonetics. So our class sessions consisted largely of helping Mme Moussu sift through the incredible amount of paperwork she was required to process. I suppose now it might be called group therapy, but it made us all feel closer and generated good feelings all around.

One of our most interesting and challenging course that year was Art History, taught by Bernard Dorival, assistant curator of the Museé d'Art Moderne. We met at an impossible hour on Saturday morning, Monsieur Dorival was an impossible man, and his tests were

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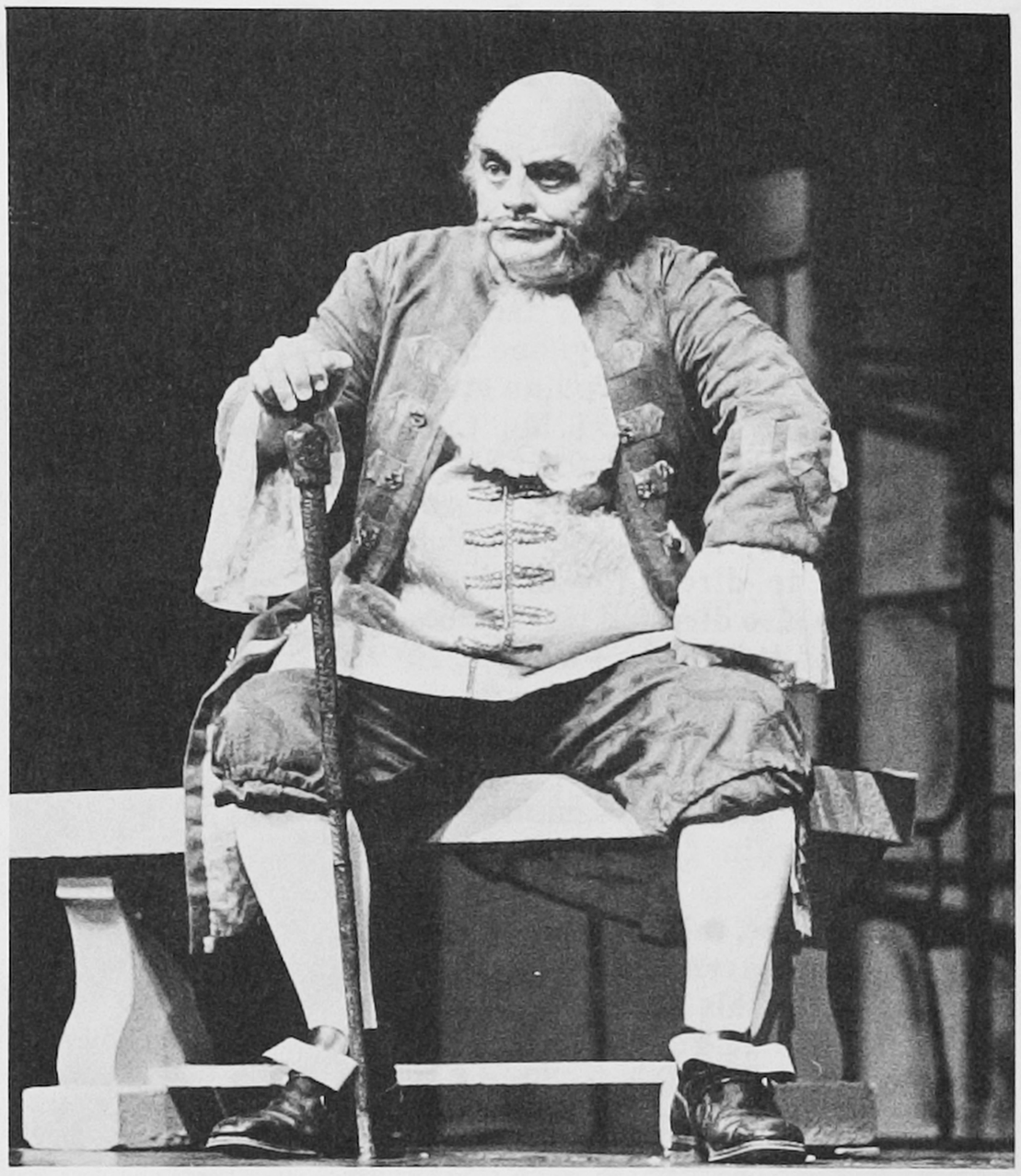
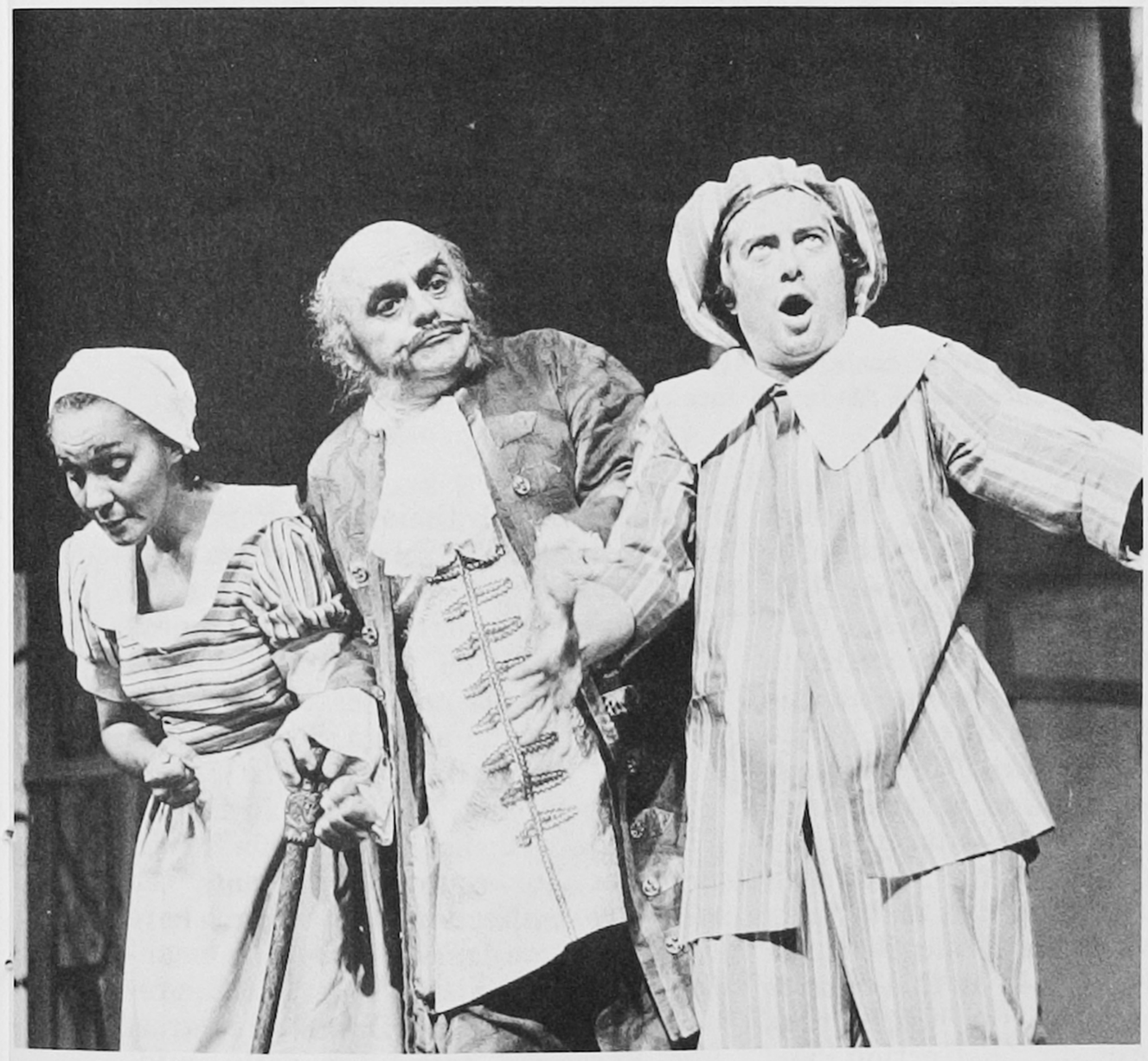
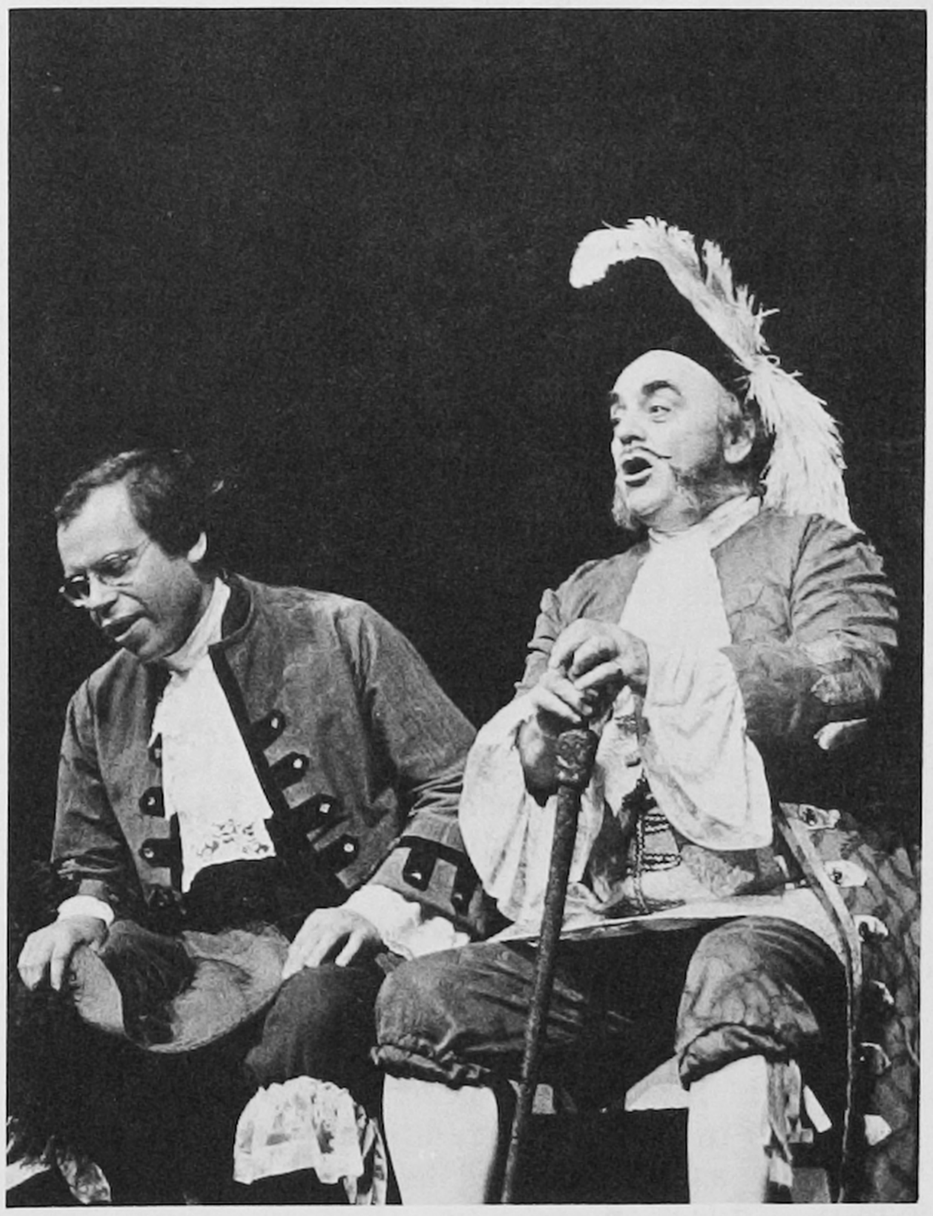
The writer is a graduate of Hamilton College (BA '59) and Middlebury (MA '60) who, after teaching for several years, moved to Cape Cod, where he has been engaged in real estate investment and renovation since 1968. He still keeps up his French through correspondence and conversation with Francophones.



Prof. Bourcier here projects other moods of Arnolphe in Moliere's L'Ecole des Femmes—the Summer School production of 1972.





[*For another appraisal of Prof. Bourcier's teaching, see Letters p. 37.*]

The One and Only Claude Bourcier —Retires

An actor of professional calibre, Claude Bourcier seldom resisted the call of the kliegs. Here he fields an implied insult with a splendid hauteur.

Professor Claude Bourcier retired this summer after 39 years at Middlebury. He came to the College, first, in the French Summer School of 1936. Appointed to the French department in '37, he became Professor, then Alumni Professor of French. He chaired that department for six years and was dean of the French Summer School for 25. We asked Dr. Freeman, director-emeritus of the Language Schools, to assess Prof. Bourcier's contribution to the College:

Dr. Freeman: "Well, Claude Bourcier is a genius—we'll start from there!

"Bourcier had a great theatrical flair. Though an amateur, he held his own with the professionals who were imported from time to time. His gestures, miming, and intonation were absolutely first-rate whether he was clowning or playing tragedy. Also he possessed a fantastic memory. Always letter-perfect in his lines, he could quote reams of poetry from memory.

"Second, Bourcier was very talented musically. (He had done a thesis on the Negro spiritual while still a student in France.) He played the piano well, had a good singing voice, and was a superb choir leader. He led the vested choir of 100-125 voices each summer, which would sing difficult pieces—Bach, Mozart, and so on—each Sunday morning at service in Mead Chapel. He simply *wowed* the choir—kept them on their toes and singing better, oftentimes, than they thought they could! He was a great showman.

"Finally, he was a brilliant lecturer; he possessed the gift of ready speech, an enormous vocabulary, and a great memory for facts. He was thoroughly familiar with all the authorities on 20th-century and contemporary French literature, on French social and political history, economics, science, art, and particularly music. His six-week course in "French Civilization" was for years the mainstay of the Summer School curriculum; he would always lecture to 75 or 80 students. He taught this Civilization course in both the Summer and Winter sessions. During the latter he also taught 19th-century French literature, and Modern French literature and worked extensively with the French majors. And of course, as dean of the French Summer School for 25 years, he demonstrated great administrative talent, as well."

ALUMNI NEWS

MILESTONES

Marriages

1935	A. Stuart Mancib and Lael Sargent '35, 45 Pleasant St., Ludlow, Vt. 05149	April 12, 1975
1944	William P. Dunham and Polly Powers Wallace '44, 951 Quail Lake Circle, Apt. 102, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80906	June 8, 1974
1946	Dr. Walther F. Goebel and Elizabeth Miller Palen '40, Vineyard Ln., Greenwich, Conn. 06830	March 8, 1975
1948	William J. Yates, Jr. and Ann Bushnell Mills '48, 11 Frank St., Pocantico Hills, No. Tarrytown, N. Y. 10591	May 14, 1975
1949	Wilson S. Cathcart and Mary Hosford Bailey '49, 7509 Samuel Lord Dr., Chagrin Falls, O. 44022	June 15, 1974
1956	Duncan H. Grove and Julia King Hirsch '56, 433 E. Allens Ln., Philadelphia, Pa. 19119	Dec. 21, 1974
	John P. Matthews and Diane M. White '56, 301 E. 69th St., New York, N. Y. 10021	May 17, 1975
	John B. Groselle and Carole Stevens Wuorinen '56, 2417 Brentwood Rd., Columbus, O. 43209	May 2, 1975
1957	Spencer A. Field, Jr. and Sabra Harwood Johnson '57, RFD 2, So. Royalton, Vt. 05068	May 25, 1974
1960	Peter G. Hodges and Alisoun Macpherson Wright '60 P.O. Box 91, Holderness, N.H. 03245	Oct. 26, 1973
	Robert M. Williamson and Sandra Feldman Mascitelli '60, 315 William, Rochester, Mich. 48063	
1964	Jerome C. Day and Julie Sage '64, 29 Perry St., New York, N. Y. 10014	July 20, 1974
	William I. Jones, Jr. and Judith Denton '64, 4725 MacArthur Blvd., Washington, D. C. 20007	May, 19, 1973
	Robert P. Strom and Avery (Heidi) Holloway Turner '64, 5 Cleveland St., Norfolk, Mass. 02056	Sept. 7, 1974
1965	Charles E. De Mont and Lynn Haberstock '65, 208 Ingraham Blvd., Hempstead, N. Y. 11550	May 16, 1968
1966	Peter D. Sewell and Alenda Canedy '66, The Mohawk Trail, No. Adams, Mass. 01247	June 17, 1972
1967	Howard R. Morgan and Elizabeth B. Trudeau '67, 108 Bloomingdale Ave., Wayne, Pa. 19087	April 20, 1975
1968	John M. Davidson '68 and Frances M. Parisse, 835 Kapaakea Ln., Apt. 102, Honolulu, HI 96814	Dec. 28, 1974
1969	Walter Mickulick and Sarah E. Lawrence '69, 510 Fortwood Pl., Chattanooga, Tenn. 37403	June 13, 1970
	Robert Riccio '69 and Darsie Phelps '69, 132 Hemenway St., Apt. 32, Boston, Mass. 02115	
1970	Halley P. Moriyama and Helen Halcomb '70, 60 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass. 02114	June 15, 1974
	Armand P. Bayardi, Jr. and Elizabeth Boerckel '70, 109 Commonwealth Ave., Apt. 5, Boston, Mass. 02116	Oct. 30, 1971
1971	Edward R. Garabedian and Deborah Danzell '71, 300 Smithfield Rd., Portico III, Apt. 17, No. Providence, R. I. 02904	June 8, 1974
	Mark T. Smith and Patricia McConville '71, 3635 St. Paul Blvd., Rochester, N. Y. 14617	March 8, 1975
	Paul G. Lambshead and Jane Lardner '71, 5744 W. Race St., Chicago, Ill. 60644	March 29, 1975
	William P. Whelan and Pamela Philipp '71, c/o Dr. Roy Philipp, 1009 Glenview, Carbondale, Ill. 62901	Jan. 4, 1975
1971, 74	Philip G. Torgersen '71 and Linda Bogatko '74, 17 Duncannon Ave., Apt. 9, Worcester, Mass. 01604	April 26, 1975
1972	Silvio A. Calabi '72 and Katharine W. Parker	May 3, 1975
	David M. Johnson '72 and Susan Raab '72	June, 1975
	Michael B. Gasch and Alice True '72, 3339 Dent Pl., Washington, D. C. 20007	Aug. 17, 1974
	Frederick P. Nothnagle and Marcia Rogers '72, 22 Musket Rd., Lincoln, R. I. 02865	April 5, 1975
	James H. Douglas '72 and Dorothy Foster, RD 3, Middlebury, Vt. 05753	May 24, 1975
	Wilmer R. Ticer and Catherine Morse '72, 1216 G St., S. E., Washington, D. C. 20003	March 22, 1975
	Walter C. Green and Lucy A. McCarthy '72, 17 Coburn Ave., Worcester, Mass. 01604	April 5, 1975
	Curtis D. Jernigan, Jr. and Denise De Gutis '72, 160-A Collins St., Apt. B-2, Hartford, Conn. 06105	Dec. 28, 1974
	Capt. Darrel D. Whitcomb and Lt. Christine Sienicki '72, 2004 Fawn Ridge Rd., Valdosta, Ga. 31601	Dec. 20, 1974
	Mark M. Bunnell and Jane E. Smyth '72, 164 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201	Aug. 24, 1974
1973	Richard A. Keenley '73 and Patricia A. Sheeran '73, 30 Gillett St., Hartford, Conn. 06105	Aug. 17, 1974

Mr. and Mrs. Castiglione Retire this Fall

A lovely couple are retiring this summer from the Middlebury faculty: Salvatore and Pierina Castiglione have been the First Family of Italian studies at Middlebury for years. Mr. Castiglione's association with the College goes back to 1937 when he first taught in the Italian Summer School—which he was later to direct for 28 years (1947-75). He also directed the Middlebury School of Italian, in Florence, in 1960-61—after arranging in the previous year its establishment—and again in 1969-70. Pierina Castiglione directed the School in the first semester of 1962-63 and again for the academic year 1964-65.

Mr. Castiglione, who was born and raised in New Haven, took his BA at Yale in 1932 and his PhD in Romance Languages, also at Yale, in 1939. The next year he married Pierina Borrani, who had been teaching Italian at Wellesley for four years. A native of Florence, Mrs. Castiglione had taken her doctorate at the University of Florence in 1930.

Mr. Castiglione then served on the Yale faculty until 1950, when he was appointed associate professor at Georgetown University. Mrs. Castiglione also taught at Yale from 1943 to '50 and at Albertus Magnus (a women's college in New Haven) from 1945 to '50.

At Georgetown, Mr. Castiglione was appointed full professor in 1960. Pierina also taught at Georgetown, from 1953 to 1966, except for two years at Mount Holyoke (1954-55 and 1961-62), a year at Smith (1958-59), and her year and a half in Florence as director of Middlebury's Italian School. Each summer, beginning in 1948, the Castigliones were at Middlebury, where Salvatore directed the Italian Summer School.

In 1966 Sal was appointed Jean Thomson Fulton Professor of Italian in the undergraduate College, and the Castigliones moved to Vermont to live year-round. Since then Pierina has served also in the undergraduate College, first as assistant-, then associate-in-instruction and since 1972, as lecturer. Mrs. Castiglione has authored a book on Italian phonetics, diction, and intonation, as well as articles for professional journals, and has been editor of *Il Giornalino*. In 1970 Mr. Castiglione received the highest academic award of the Italian Government, the *Cavaliere Ufficiale Ordine al Merito della Repubblica Italiana*, for his distinguished contribution to the study of Italian language and literature.

The Minute read at the May meeting of the Faculty recalled that "their association with the College covers almost forty years both on this campus and in Florence, during which time they have brought distinction and national recognition to our Italian School. Through their own efforts and those of the many scholars whom they have invited to this campus each summer, they have introduced the richness of the Florentine tradition into the lives of students now scattered across this country and abroad. The summer home of the Italian School in Forest Hall seems far removed from the Piazza del Duomo or the Palazzo del Bargello, but countless students tell with great affection that it was here that they first came to know the meaning of the Renaissance and to appreciate the works of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio under the daily guidance of renowned teachers." □

The Castigliones in retirement will continue to greet friends in their handsome home in Cornwall.

1914 **Helen Haugh**, 84, died April 29 in Hartford. She had done graduate work at Columbia, Yale, and the Univ. of Connecticut where she was awarded an MA in 1945. She taught at Middletown High School, Crosby High School (Waterbury, Conn.), Hillyer College and, when the Univ. of Hartford was established in 1957, joined its faculty and taught there until her retirement. Survivors are her brother, **Charles '21**, a sister-in-law, **Carlotta Ottman Haugh '21**, and a sister, Mrs. William Edgerton. Miss Haugh was the co-author of "United States of America," a history textbook. She was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

1914 **John H. Berns** died October 11, 1974. He is survived by a son, Alfred.

1915 **Harriet Grandey Green** (Mrs. Jacob), 79, died February 22 while visiting her son in Chicago. She attended Middlebury for two years and then went to Rutland Business College. After completing her work, she taught at that school for three years and later was a bookkeeper for Patch-Wegner Co. in Rutland from 1917 to 1930. She is survived by a son, Robert. Mrs. Green was a member of Sigma Kappa.

1917 **Reuben Hall**, 79, died March 6. He attended Middlebury for a year, then Boston University Law School where he received his degree in 1918 and was admitted to the Bar that same year. Mr. Hall practiced law in Boston and was a counsel for various cooperatives in Boston. He was a well-known lecturer and authority on cooperatives. In 1926 he married Lillian Klein and they had two daughters, Betty-Lou and Susan.

1918 **Dexter Mead**, 79, died April 21. He had earned a Master's at Harvard and worked for Revere Copper and Brass Co. as a metallurgist and as assistant to the VP of the Dallas division of the company. Survivors are his wife, the former Louise Welles, and two sons, William and Charles. Mr. Mead was a member of Delta Upsilon.

1920 **Edmund V. Butler**, 79, died January 13 in Madeira, O. where he had made his home. He was a member of Alpha Sigma Phi.

1921 **Edith Cowls Emerson** (Mrs. Edwin), 76, was killed instantly on May 19 when she stepped in front of an oncoming tractor truck. Before her marriage she was a teacher in Port Henry, N. Y., and in Greenfield and Milton, Mass. She had also been an assistant and a branch librarian in the Thayer Public Library in So. Braintree. Mrs. Emerson was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Kappa.

1921 **Janet M. Taylor**, 76, died April 20. She had done graduate work at NYU, Syracuse, and Columbia where she was awarded a Master's in 1938. Her teaching had been in Massena, N. Y., Danbury, Conn., and Memorial School, Pelham, N. Y. from 1926 until her retirement in the '60s. Janet was a member of Delta Delta Delta.

1922 **I. Murray Adams**, 78, died in March in Swampscott, Mass. He served with the Army in France during World War I and was then a student for a year at the AEF University in Beune, France before entering college. Following his graduation from Middlebury, he attended Harvard Law School and was admitted to the Bar in Illinois in 1926. He practiced law in Chicago for ten years before returning to Boston in 1936 as an investigator with Dun and Bradstreet. In 1941 Murray became accountant for the town of Swampscott, a position he held until his retirement in 1967. He was active in the American Legion, United Fund, and Rotary; served as chairman of the North Shore District Harvard Law School Fund; was a director of the Harvard Law School Association; and was founding president of the North Shore Association for Retarded Children, and treasurer and board member of the Massachusetts Association for Retarded Children. Survivors are a daughter, Jane and two step-sons, **Ralph '51** and **John Burckes '50**. Murray was a member of Alpha Sigma Phi.

1922 **C. Edwin Howard**, 76, died May 10 in Concord, N. H. Until his retirement in 1963 he had been manager for the New England Telephone Co. in New Hampshire and Vermont. Later he was business manager of the Concord Clinic. Howard was active in civic affairs, having served on the City Council, the Board of Aldermen, and three terms in the New Hampshire Legislature. Survivors are his wife, the former Dorothy Underwood, and a son, Ronald. Mr. Howard was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon.

1923 **Robert A. Clark**, 75, died March 7. After graduating from Middlebury he was a student at Bryant and Stratton Business School. From 1924 to 1936 he worked for the Readsboro Chair Co. and later for the Fellows Corp. in West Springfield, Vt. until his retirement ten years ago. Survivors are his wife, Dorothy, and a daughter, Judith. Robert was a member of Kappa Delta Rho.

1924 **Robert A. Brainerd**, 74, died March 3 in Bradenton, Fla. after a short illness. He was past president and treasurer of the Street Lumber Corp. of So. Hadley, Mass. where he had lived all of his life. He is survived by his wife, two sons, **Robert A., Jr. '53** and David, two daughters, Mrs. Earl Carpenter (Frances) and Mrs. Robert Nadeau (Ann). Mr. Brainerd was a member of Delta Upsilon.

1924 **Florence Noble Klinck** (Mrs. Gustavus), 70, died March 15. She earned a Master's at Columbia in 1928 and an MA at Middlebury in 1931 and had taught in New Brighton (N. Y.) High School before her marriage. Survivors are her husband and two sons, Daniel and John. Florence was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Kappa Gamma.

1924 Word has just been received of the death of **William T. Hammond** on May 4, 1964. He attended Middlebury for two years and then transferred to DePauw University where he received his degree in 1924. He had taught at Westminster College in Fulton, Mo. and Birmingham Southern College, Birmingham, Ala. Later he was a health inspection supervisor with the Jefferson County Health Dept. in Alabama. He married Gladys Cave in 1925 and they had a son, Donald.

1925 **Emma R. Belcher**, 72, died March 13 in Lowell, Mass. Following graduation she taught in Northfield, Mass. before going to Billerica, Mass. where she taught for 41 years, retiring in 1970. Miss Belcher was a member of Phi Mu.

1927 **Harry A. Drew**, 70, died November 7. He had taught in high schools in Red Hook, Scarsdale, Lycee Francais (NYC), Cornwall and Waterbury, Conn. before joining the faculty at Trinity-Pawling School in 1947. Later he was head of the Modern Language department at St. Paul's School in Garden City and, from 1966 until his retirement in 1970, head of modern languages at the Hackley School in Tarrytown. He served four years as a Lieutenant in the Army Air Force during World War II. Harry was a member of Beta Kappa.

1927 **D. Chandler Matthews**, 59, died March 5. He had earned a Master's in Education at the Univ. of New Hampshire and had taught in high schools in No. Troy and Windsor, Vt. before joining the faculty at Groveton (N. H.) High School where he taught English for 37 years. He was very active in the organizing of the school library at Groveton. During World War II he served for four years in the Army Air Force. Chandler was a member of Theta Chi.

1928 **Lewis A. Scott**, 70, died March 13 following a long illness. He had worked for the Greenfield Tap and Die of Greenfield, Mass. and for Sears Roebuck until his retirement last August. Survivors are a son, Lewis, two daughters, Dorothy Morin and Eleanor Frye, and two sisters, **Elsie '22** and **Beulah Scott Cross '23**. Lewis was a member of Alpha Sigma Phi.

1929 **Francis K. Smith**, 70, died March 25. He worked as assistant cashier for the Travelers Insurance Co. for many years; later he had his own agency and served as general agent for the U.S. Life Insurance Co.; in the early '60s he administered group insurance plans with Smith, Sternau Co., Inc. and later became president of the company. Francis was a member of Kappa Delta Rho.

1929 **Elvira Moreno-LaCalle Wright** (Mrs. Stewart), 68, died January 12 in Minneapolis. Following her graduation she had been a teacher-secretary at Manhasset (N. Y.) High School and later was a secretary for Overseas Industries in Chicago. From 1936-1938 she was a secretary with the Better Housing Institute in Philadelphia. Survivors are her husband, **Stewart '29**, and a son, Stewart, Jr. Elvira was a member of Phi Beta Phi.

1930 **Ernest R. Eckley, Jr.**, 67, died December 20. He attended Middlebury for two years and then NYU Law School where he received an LLM degree. Since 1956 he had lived in Bishopville, S. C. where he owned a farm and worked for the Dept. of Public Welfare of the state of South Carolina. In 1942 he married Cornelia Des Champs.

1930 **Franklin B. Fuller**, 66, died May 15 in Hanover, N. H. He served in the medical branch of the Army during World War II. Mr. Fuller made his home in Chester Depot, Vt.

1931 **John J. Kelly**, 67, died unexpectedly on March 17 at his winter home in Eustis, Fla.

1973, 75	James E. Hurd '73 and Marcia McCary '75, 840 North Shore Dr., West, Mound, Minn. 55364	April 12, 1975
1973, 74	George L. Beals '73 and Anne L. Mead '74, Oakley Farm, Spotsylvania, Va. 22553	May, 1975
	George H. Schirtzinger '73 and Mary H. Taylor	May 10, 1975
	Herward Treu '73 and Laureen A. Cassidy	
	Peter D. Burgdorff '73 and Anne W. Martin '74, 5 Mountain Ave., Murray Hill, N. J. 07974	June 14, 1975
1974, 76	Russell L. Frisbee '74 and Jean Zarker '76, STUDO-Zimmer 773, 74 Tubingen, Heuberger-Tor-Weg 15, Germany	Dec. 12, 1974
1975	Malcolm B. Harding, III '75 and Ellen Witherell c/o Witherell, RD 2, Middlebury, Vt. 05753	Feb. 15, 1975
	Anthony G. Miller and Anne Thompson '75, 170 W. 74th St., Apt. 403, New York, N. Y. 10023	May 25, 1974

Births

1950	Elizabeth and William Dewey, Jr. '50	Ian Wells	Sept. 20, 1974
1958, 59	Noel Caseley Locke, '59 and William Locke '58	Jennifer	Sept. 10, 1974
1959	Lucy Paine Kezar '59 and Randall A. Kezar	Randall Paine	April 24, 1975
1960	Mary Jean Cain Bell '60 and Dr. Philip Bell	Katherine Anne	Aug. 21, 1974
1963	Lucia and Neil Savage '63	Andrew Charlton	March 29, 1975
	Marie and Charles Buell '63	Ian Channing	April 12, 1975
	Suzanne and Eric Peterson '63	Danforth Otto	Dec. 23, 1974
1965	Jane Henne Grant '65 and Stephen Grant	Charles Benjamin	Aug. 1, 1974
1965, 66	Ruth Tomasi Anderson '65 and Dr. Kenneth Anderson '66	Jill	
1966	Cynthia MacMacklin Meisner '66 and Ivo Meisner '66	Ian	Nov. 14, 1974
	Ann Jacobsen Messina '66 and Daniel Messina	Karen Elaine	March 29, 1975
1967, 69	Marjorie Carran Shepardson '69 and Carl Shepardson '67	Randall Britton	Dec. 21, 1974
	Virginia Hopper Mead '69 and Charles Mead '67	Christopher Charles	Feb. 21, 1975
	Lynn Markham Beebe '69 and David Beebe '67	Tyler Markham	March 25, 1975
1968	Susan Rouse Bruce '68 and Lawrence Bruce '68	Douglas Randall	April 3, 1975
1969	Susan Mallon Ross '69 and Arthur Ross '69	Kelly Arthur	May 15, 1975
1970	Cindy and John Baker '70	James Christopher	Feb. 13, 1974
	Patricia and Sherman White '70	Jocelyn Windsor	Feb. 27, 1975
1972	Kathryn and Daniel Missildine '72	Nathaniel John	Jan. 10, 1975

Deaths

1909 **Col. Eugene J. Berry,** 87, died last November. He had a distinguished career in the Army during two wars and as a foreign service officer with the State Department, assigned to the relief branch. Among other honors he received an Award of Merit from the State Department for his work in Lebanon. He is survived by his wife, the former Ruth Graham. Col. Berry was a member of Chi Psi.

1912 **Minette Norton Williams** (Mrs. Daniel), 85, died at her home in Wallingford, Conn. on February 11. From 1933 to 1935 she had taught in Wallingford. Survivors are a son, D. Norton, and a daughter, Mrs. Thomas Church. Mrs. Williams was a member of Pi Beta Phi.

1913 **Eleanor Hatch Driver** (Mrs. Joseph), 84, of Needham, Mass., died April 8. She was a teacher in E. Jaffrey and Franklin, N. H. before her marriage in 1917. Survivors are a daughter, Mrs. Gordon Massey, and a brother, Aldis Hatch.

1914 **Walter Metcalf,** 84, died in August, 1974 following a long illness. He had been a teacher all of his life, having taught in Barton (Vt.) Academy and Massee Boys' School until 1922, when he joined the faculty of the Horace Mann School as a Latin teacher and was head of the Latin department until his retirement. Mr. Metcalf had earned an AM at Columbia in 1924. During World War I he served as a second Lieutenant in the Army. Survivors are a son, **Thomas '50,** and a daughter, Mrs. Irva Fitzmaurice.

CLASS NOTES

22

Julia Sullivan writes that she has had an extended period of serious illness and is sorry that she has been unable to take an active part in the doings of "my wonderful College." Her address is 737 Cooke St., Waterbury, Conn. 06710. **Hadley Spear, Leighton Wade** and **Durward Yates** are widely scattered around the country but each is busy putting the finishing touches on the Midd 175th Anniversary Fund Drive. **Bill** and Marj **Cole** recently prepared an exhibit in the Lincoln University Library to show the story of Alexander Twilight (Midd 1823) and the Old Stone House in Brownington, coupled with the work of Samuel Read Hall, a colleague. The Twilight exhibit centers around reprints of the News Letter article of a year ago. **Hadley** and Priscilla **Spear** of Worcester, Mass. spent a few days in Woodstock, Vt. and then went on to visit **Bunny** and Ruth **Cabot** in Windsor.

27

Hilda Smith Straw (Mrs. H. Thompson) has had a book of 100 inspirational poems entitled "To Bring Peace," published by a local press. They were written over a period of five years after a very serious illness. She has had a few poems published in anthologies and elsewhere but this book of poems was to celebrate her 70th birthday.

31

Marshall Montgomery, retired senior vice president of Aubrey G. Lanston and Co., dealers in US government securities in New York, was in Brazil last fall where he led off a three-week symposium presenting the American experience in money-market techniques and operations to Brazilian financiers.

32

Dr. Reamer Kline retired in June after fourteen years as president of Bard College and a final year as consultant to the Board of Trustees. In May Dr. Kline and his wife, **Louise Brayton**, were honored at a dinner given by the Board of Trustees where it was announced that the Dining Commons building completed in 1972 would be named for them. When Dr. Kline became Professor-Emeritus, he was presented a Book of Letters containing more than 250 tributes from alumni, parents, students, members of the faculty and administration, local officials, and friends. He and his wife have moved to the home they purchased on Fox Run, Salt Point, N.Y. 12578. **Jo Saunders Taggart** writes that she is working as a secretary for her Doctor-husband, Arthur.

We want to alert everyone that our 45th will be upon us soon—time flies faster for us youngsters, you know. Please start digging out your Middlebury memorabilia for the "Guys and Dolls of '32."

Dr. Aaron Newton was honored at a retirement party in April by the staffs and administration of Farren Memorial and the Franklin County (Mass.) Public Hospitals. In 1952 Dr. Newton organized the Dept. of Pathology at Franklin County and has been chief of this department for 33 years. He and his wife have moved to their new home at 26207-9 Medelice Ln., Rio Verde, Ariz. 85255. **Bill Weier** and his wife have bought a retirement home on Falls River Dr., in Ivorytown, Conn. 06442.

35

Natalie Dunsmoor retired from her teaching job in June after 30 years in the Bloomfield (Conn.) Elementary School. She has moved back to her home at 232 Bunker Hill Ave., Waterbury, 06708.

36

Frank Boyce in Sarasota, Fla. reports he's looking forward to seeing old friends at the 40th reunion. Frank operates the biggest travel agency on the West coast—in Sarasota—and is director of Area 6, in the American Society of Travel Agents. **Agnes Harris Finger** (Mrs. William) has retired from teaching and is living at 6 Durham Dr., Rutland, Vt. 05701.

38

Donald Westin retired as a physics teacher at the Northfield-Mt. Hermon School in June. His address is Mt. Hermon, Mass. 01354.

40

James Cornwall, formerly purchasing manager for the Easthampton Rubber Thread Co., has been named to the newly created post of purchasing coordinator for the city of Northampton, Mass. **Dr. Glenn Leggett**, formerly president of Grinnell College, is now vice president of corporate communication with Deere and Co. in Moline, Ill. He is living across the river at 15 Oak Park Dr., Bettendorf, Ia. 52722.

41

Deborah Mayo Beattie (Mrs. Donald) of Northfield, Vt. has been appointed by Gov. Thomas Salmon to serve on the District 5 Environmental Commission. She has also served one term as a legislator in the Vermont House.

43

Roderick Hemphill has retired from his work with the Ford Foundation and is living at 68 Westminister St., Westerly, R.I. 02891.

46

Doris Smith Earnshaw is a PhD candidate at the University of California at Berkeley. Her address is Berkeley City Club, 2315 Durant Ave., Berkeley 94530.

47

Rosemary Roddy Brainard (Mrs. Robert) received a Master's in education with specialization in reading at Seton Hall University in May.

48

Nancy Stillman Patton (Mrs. Eugene) is manager of two elementary-school libraries in Morgantown, Pa. Her address is Box 301, Morgantown 19543. **Rasjad (Lynn Moore)** is a reference officer in the Parliamentary Library of the Parliament of Western Australia. His address is 3 Harvest Terr., West Perth 6005, Western Australia. **William Johnson**, executive vice president of the Savings Bank of Manchester, Conn., will become president of the bank on August 1. Bill joined the bank in 1955 and has served as assistant treasurer, secretary-treasurer, vice president and treasurer, and was named executive vice president and treasurer in 1971.

49

William Goldthwaite has been appointed manager of nuclear and flow systems research at Battelle's Columbus (O.) Laboratories. Goldthwaite joined Battelle in 1951 as a principal physicist and pursued research under the Naval Reactor and Aircraft Nuclear Propulsion Programs. He has directed a range of research projects in physics and electronics, materials science, and metal and alloy development. More recently he was responsible for planning and coordinating joint activities involving the Columbus Laboratories and other components of Battelle. **Frank Colcord** is leaving the Boston area in August for a one-year sabbatical as "visiting scholar" at Regent College, University of British Columbia, Vancouver. **Douglas Christie** last September became principal of a high school in West Hartford, Conn.; he is living at 11 Colton Rd., W. Hartford 06107. **Henry Caswell** was recently elected president of Vermont Oil Fuel Institute. His address is 11 Brewer Pkwy., So. Burlington, Vt. 05401. **Dorcas Neal Gracey** lives now at 12992 Edgewater Dr., Lakewood, O. 44107. Her husband, James, an admiral, commands the 9th Coast Guard District. **Peter Cass** was appointed Judge of the Essex County Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court last August. He and his wife, Rosemary, practice law and live at 53 Park Pl., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.

Donald Bates was named "Golf Coach of the Year 1974-75" by the Connecticut High School Coaches Association. He and his wife live at 135 Overhill Dr., Berlin, Conn. 06037. **Rachel Stryker Smith** reports that her husband, Dwight, has had a book, "The Mafia Mystique," published by Basic Book, N.Y. in January and by Hutchins in London in April. Their address is 10 Cherry Tree Rd., Loudonville, N.Y. 12211. **Priscilla Noyes Crosson** and her husband, Charles, have formed their own residential real estate firm, Crosson Realty. Their address is 14018 Pebblebrook, Houston, Tex. 77024. **Jean Scroggie Seixas** has completed her first year as manager of the bookstore at Andover-Newton Theological School. Her address is 97 Fisher St., Westwood, Mass. 02090. **Frances Miner Turner** and her husband, Fred, traveled during March of this year on a "People to People" trip to Australia, New Zealand, and Fiji.

50

William Miller and his wife, **Jo Anne Faucher** '51, are living in Australia where he is with Goodyear International. Their address is Watery Gully Rd., Kangaroo Ground, Victoria 3097. **Wallace Hubbard** is manager of retail-Europe for Texaco International. His address is Silvermine Ave., No., Norwalk, Conn. 06850. **Dr. Bernard Friedlander**, professor of psychology at the University of Hartford, has been selected a visiting faculty member this summer at Yale under a grant by the Lilly Foundation. He will participate with Yale Prof. Seymour Sarason in a course, "Dynamics of Educational Change." **George Conomikes** moved from Connecticut to 2282 Westridge Rd., Los Angeles 90049 in 1974, and relocated the offices of Conomikes Associates to Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Des Moines. **Dr. George Shumway** has a small book publishing company, Liberty Cap Books, which recently published a

He had been a coach and professor in Physical Education at Middlebury until his retirement in 1970. John had earned both his Bachelor's and Master's degrees at Middlebury. During World War II he served as a Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve for three years. In 1931 he married **Catherine Wood** '31 who died in 1947. He is survived by his wife, the former Elizabeth Baker, and a daughter, Mrs. Choate (Jane). John was a member of Theta Chi.

1931 **Philip C. Tucker**, 67, died May 15 in Westboro, Mass. For many years he was a research and development chemist with Behr-Manning, served in the Chemical Warfare Division during World War II, and more recently was a research engineer with Avco Bay State Abrasives Division. He was very active in community affairs, having served on the Westboro Board of Selectmen, and on the Planning Board, Zoning Board of Appeals, and Business and Industrial Commissions; and chairman of the board of Westboro State Hospital. Survivors are his wife, the former Helen Durkee, and three daughters, Mrs. Anne Blake, Mrs. Carol Gadbois, and Mrs. Nancy Hicks. Phil was a member of Kappa Delta Rho.

1932 **Joseph F. Lorenzo**, 64, died March 15. He had been a life underwriter with New York Life Insurance until his retirement in 1968. For the past seven years he had been teaching third grade in Califon, N. J. He is survived by his wife, Ruth.

1933 **C. Leigh Ingersoll**, 64, died January 19 in Montpelier, Vt. He had earned both his Bachelor's and Master's degrees at the Univ. of Vermont and had been a chemist with the Vermont Department of Agriculture since 1937. Survivors are his wife, the former Roberta Briggs, and two children, Linda and Richard. Leigh was a member of Beta Psi.

1936 **C. Kirtland Todd**, 60, died August 28, 1974 in California. At the time of his death he was an industrial engineer with Uniroyal, Inc. in East Los Angeles. He is survived by his wife. Kirtland was a member of Beta Kappa.

1939 **Dr. James A. Singiser**, 57, died February 16 in Greenfield, Mass. He was a graduate of Johns Hopkins School of Medicine and had served as assistant resident in urology in Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit; resident in surgery at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Youngstown, O.; resident in urology, Boston City Hospital; and urologist at the Franklin County Public Hospital, Greenfield Mass. since 1950. When the new surgical wing at the hospital was dedicated in early February it was named the "James A. Singiser, MD Doctors Lounge." During World War II he served as a Captain in the Army Medical Corps. Survivors are his wife, the former Julia Murphy, a son, James, Jr., three daughters, Nancy, Karen, and Sandra, and a sister, **Marian Singiser VanSantvoord** '32. Dr. Singiser was a member of Delta Upsilon.

1943 **Philip D. Towsley** died in March in Cuyahoga Falls, O. During World War II he served in the Army Air Corps. For many years he was a credit reporter with Dun and Bradstreet and at the time of his death was credit manager with General Tire International, General Tire and Rubber Co. In 1947 he married **Doris Pasch** '48, who died in 1972.

1953 **William J. Cahill** died March 14 at his home in Beverly, Mass. after a two-year bout with leukemia. Bill served two years in the Army at Ft. Meyer, Va. and then entered Georgetown Law School from which he graduated in 1957. He then joined the Legal Department at the Columbia National Life Insurance Co. In March of 1961 he joined the legal staff of the Hartford Life Insurance Co. in Boston and in 1966 he affiliated with New England Life as assistant counsel, becoming assistant secretary in 1969, and counsel in 1971. Bill was a member of the Boston and American Bar Associations and held membership in the Association of Life Insurance Counsel. He served as an alderman in Beverly from 1963-1969. Bill married **Jeanne Parker** '52 in 1954 and they have six sons, Edward F., 18, William J., Jr., 15, Michael P., 13, John R., 11, Robert T., 9 and Timothy J., 5. Bill was a member of Phi Kappa Tau, Blue Key, and Waubanakee.

1960 **John LeB. Bishop** died December 15, 1974. He had been a senior customer engineer with International IBM.

1963 Word has been received of the death of **John H. Warnk**. He had been a registered representative with New York Securities. Survivors are his wife, the former Kathryn Flaherty, and a son, Sean. John was a member of Sigma Epsilon.

1972 **Mark D. Wilson**, 24, died March 8 of cystic fibrosis at his home in Lexington, Mass. He had earned an MA in Education at Boston University in 1974 and was a tutor at Lexington High School. He is survived by his parents, a brother, Raymond, and a sister, Mrs. Brincklow (Anita).

1974 **Hugh S. Davey**, 28, died February 27 of a ruptured aneurism. From 1966 to 1968 he served in the Marines, At the time of his death he was attending Case Western Reserve Law School.

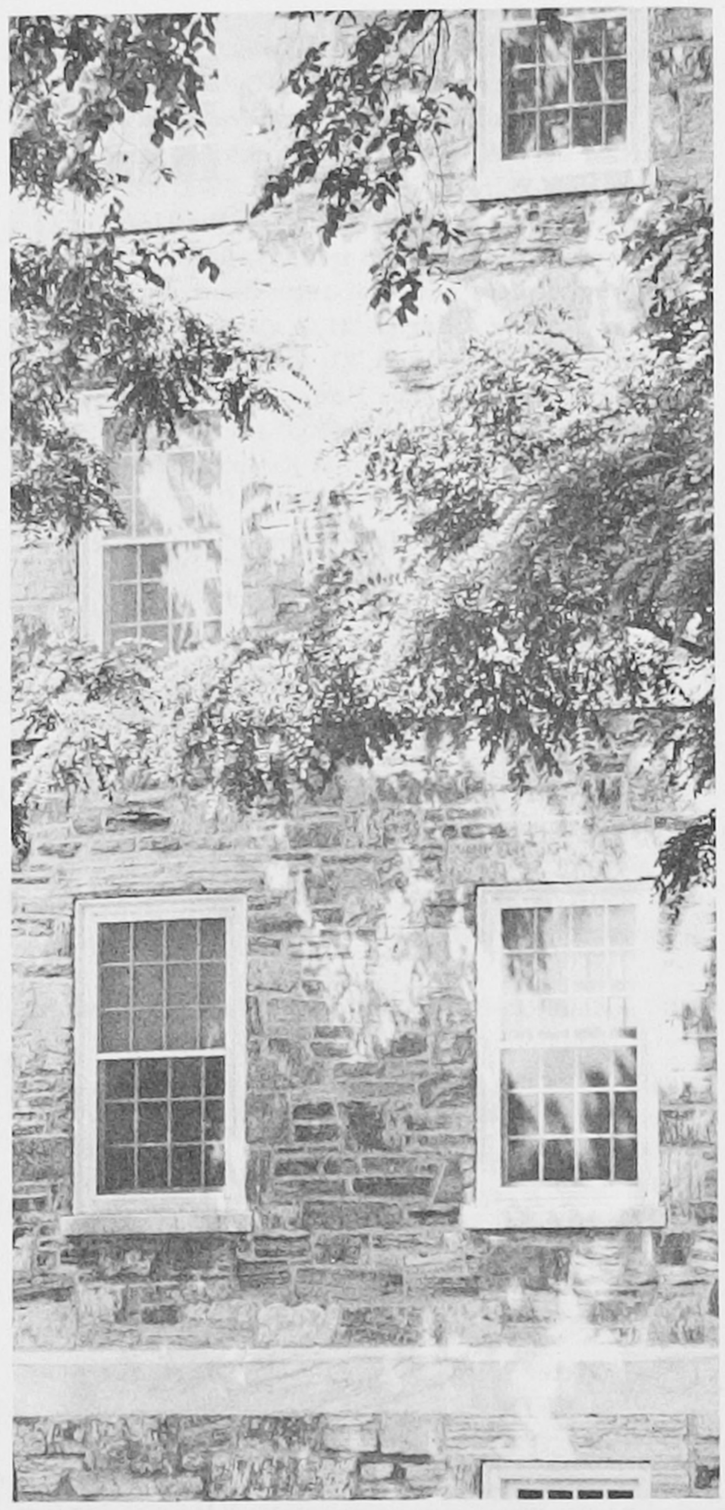
Former Faculty

Vincent Guilloton

All members and friends of the Middlebury French School were shocked and grieved to learn of the sudden death of Vincent Guilloton on February 9, 1975. He was at his home in New York City, with his wife Doris. He died of a massive heart attack, quickly, without suffering. He was eighty years old last March.

Professor Guilloton had participated in the whole of World War I, 1914-18; wounded, Croix de Guerre. He won the degree of Agrege in France in 1921, worked in the League of Nations Secretariat, and came to the United States in 1923. Teaching French at Smith College, he rose to be Shedd Professor of Modern Languages. Andre Morize appointed him to the faculty of the French Summer School in 1932, and he soon became Assistant to the Director, and several times, during Morize's absence, Acting Director.

When Morize resigned in 1946, Vincent Guilloton was named Director of the French Summer School. For 16 years he directed the School with great wisdom and skill, with energy and devotion. Tactful and with a strong sense of humor, he created co-



operation among all members of the School. Holding the allegiance of the old-timers, he added new young teachers to the staff, bringing many distinguished teachers directly from France and enriching the curriculum in literature and civilization. He felt strongly that the teaching of the language was basic and regularly taught the Stylistics course himself. Untiring in his activity, he played lead roles in the Moliere comedies, or led the Sunday Chapel services, with appropriate spirit. He directed our Graduate School in Paris three times.

Guilloton retired as Director of the French School in 1962, and the College awarded him the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, in 1964. He was also Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, and for four years President of the Federation of the Alliance Francaise. Since his retirement, he taught part-time for a while at Lawrenceville Academy, travelled extensively, and continued his interest in Middlebury. The College and the French School mourn the loss of a faithful servant and a true friend.

Stephen A. Freeman
Director-emeritus,
Middlebury Language Schools

Guy J. Forbush, 84, who taught at Middlebury from 1921-22, died in April. He was a graduate of Clark University and of the University of Paris and taught most of his life at Phillips Andover Academy.

Heights, working with Jan Kumin, head of Fairmount Center's Dance Department. In addition to teaching, I will be developing a student-performance workshop."

Karen (Kajsa) Eckelmeyer and her husband have taken their first step toward a new way of life with the purchase in 1973 of 20 acres of land near Port Angeles, Washington where they ultimately plan to be as self-sufficient as one can be in this day and age. Within 3 years, they hope their plan will be operational, with a solar-heated home as the center of a small farm. Meanwhile, Kajsa continues as Head Slavic Cataloger at the Stanford Libraries, her husband is still with the Geological Survey, and until their "withdrawal" is a reality, they will continue to live at 108 Santa Maria Ave., Portola Valley, CA 94025. They would love to hear from any other classmates who have gone "back to the land."

Rick Laylin and wife, Gloria, have added a new twist to the "American Dream." They are a two airline family, and what's more, they even commute by plane. Rick is manager of Groups and Charters for Pan Am, and Gloria is a Flight Attendant for American Airlines. (Anyone want to guess how they met?) Rick was only recently transferred by Pan Am to San Francisco, and until Gloria could get transferred to a S. F. base, she commuted cross-country to New York for her flights. Following her transfer last June, they bought a home in the San Bruno hills overlooking the airport, from whence they have thoroughly enjoyed exploring their favorite city and Northern California, spiced by some time in Hawaii. Needless to say, they welcomed the change from upstate New York. Their address is 3301 Fasman Dr., San Bruno Cal. 94066.

Bill Eastler gloats that he crosses a covered bridge on his way to work and that he has caught a trout by fishing out of the side door of his plant. Bill, wife Gerry, and their four children (youngest William E. Eastler III, 18 mos.) live at 143 Main St., Williamstown, Mass., which is within 15 minutes of night skiing, 3 minutes of a golf course, is a minute from an art museum, and an hour from Vermont's top ski areas. When "back yard" becomes a drag, they pack off to a summer home in Small Point, Maine or go skiing out West. Between these idyllic escapades, Bill somehow finds time to be president of Economy Graphics, Inc. in North Bennington, Vt.—printers of most Sesame Street books, plus calendars, greeting, and post cards.

Ken and **Helle (Thomson) Parker** and their children Scott, Dave, and Kaari, live on a 25-acre spread in Peru, New York, which is about an hour south of Montreal. On top of his duties as minister of a small-town church, Ken is doing graduate work in psychotherapy, some consulting for the New York State Dept. of Corrections, and counseling in organizational and industrial development. Helle is busy teaching Phys Ed at Plattsburg AFB. Their address is RD 1, Peru, New York 12972.

Steve Delano is an attorney with the firm of Peterson, Delano & Thompson (Winona, Minn.) specializing in divorce, criminal law, and real estate. He is also councilman-at-large for Winona and is involved in an urban-renewal project as a member of the Housing Authority. Steve and wife, **Kathleen Skidmore '63**, along with 10 other families, started the River Haven School, a private open-school concept for their children, including Philip, 10, Jennifer, 9, and Elizabeth, 5. Their year-round outdoors activities include their own boat, camping, cross-country skiing, and ice skating. Steve asks to hear from any classmates or fraternity brothers living in the upper Midwest. He can be reached at his office: Peterson, Delano & Thompson, Ltd. 202-203 First National Bank Building, P.O. Box 204, Winona, Minnesota 55987.

Phyllis Cole writes from 514 Concord Dr., Menlo Park, CA 94025, where she, her boyfriend and his 9½-year-old daughter have lived since they bought the house in 1972. Her work in psychic research at Stanford Research Institute in 1973-4 led to her discovery that she was able to accurately describe photographs that other people were viewing in a distant room. Since November she has been working full-time to design and develop a course to train Emergency Medical Technicians (ambulance, fire and police personnel) in simulated emergency decision-making, preparing them for more appropriate diagnosis and treatment of accident victims.

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Dr. Jane Sayer, assistant professor of chemistry at the Univ. of Vermont, has been named principal investigator for a $7,985 research grant awarded the University by the Research Corp. of New York. **Dr. Samuel Orth,** assistant professor of Russian at Middlebury, has been named Director of the 1975 Summer Exchange of Language Teachers at Moscow State University in Russia. This program has been in existence for 10 years. Fifty outstanding teachers of Russian on the college and secondary level are selected through national competition. Dr. Orth will be in charge of coordinating the academic and extra-curricular program and will serve as liaison between the participants, the teaching staff of Moscow University, and the Ministry of Education of the USSR. **Eric Peterson** is president of Falls Petroleum in Valley Falls, N.Y. His address is RD 1, Box 394-A, Greenwich, N.Y. 12834.

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The new Class Secretaries are **Samuel L. Gordon, Jr.,** 113 West 69th St., New York, N.Y. 10023. **Carol Oliver Wehner** (Mrs. William), Bondville, Vt. 05340.

Major John Taylor will be instructor of military history at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point this Fall. **Sherman Eddy** has been named assistant to the director of the Oxford Hills Area Development Corp. in Norway, Me. A former science teacher, systems analyst programmer, and Coast Guard Lieutenant, Eddy is currently compiling a community profile to aid the area in working toward better community living.

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Dr. Douglas Rhett is a geologist with Phillips Petroleum and is living at 1517 Manor Dr., Bartlesville, Okla. 74003. **Carolyn Wells Konle** is assistant professor of Social Work at Marquette University and is living at 6750 W. Loomis Rd., Greendale 53129. **Donald Goodrich** is a partner in the law firm of Donovan and O'Connor in Adams, Mass. He lives at 64 Bridges Rd., Williamstown 01267.

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George Glacey was awarded an MBA by Rider College in February. John H. Montgomery, Jr. and **Ivo Meisner** have formed a partnership continuing the general practice of law of Boyle and Montgomery with offices on School St., Edgartown, Mass. **Alan Magary** has taken time off from freelance writing to edit the California Coastal Plan being prepared by the California Coastal Zone Conservation Commission. The Commission was established by citizen initiative in the 1972 election in an attempt to halt the wasteful, piecemeal development that was ruining California's 1,100-mile, coastline. Published in preliminary draft in March and now being revised for eventual submission to the Legislature in December, the Coastal Plan stresses protection of natural resources and increasing public recreation and access to the coast. **Tom Armistead** has left his job as communications coordinator with the National Bahai Center and is now working for Irby Construction Co., a power-line contractor headquartered in Jackson, Miss. He and his wife left for Indonesia in April where for the next three years he will assist the superintendent of substation construction in Tegal, Purkowerto and Cilacap, Central Java. He is being trained for a future management position with the company. Their address is c/o Irby Construction Co., PO Box 11, Purwokerto, Central Java, Indonesia. **Andy Marks** won an Award of Merit and cash prize for a set of his briar-pipe designs exhibited at the Winter Park Art Festival in Florida in mid-March. The side walk show stretched for four or five blocks, Andy says, and drew well over 100,000 visitors. The juried show offered the art and craft work of 400 of the finest craftsmen in the US. Andy was the featured craftsman in the local newspaper story and the Festival handout, as well. **David Elliott** is an instructor in English in the evening division at Onondaga Community College in Syracuse, N.Y. He is living at 608 Danforth St., Syracuse, 13208.

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John Napoli is director of Arabic teacher training at Polyglot Schools in the United Arab Republic. His address is PO Box 596, Manama, Bahrain, U.A.R. **David Beebe** has been named general manager of the Hartford brokerage office of The Paul Revere Life Insurance Co. and the Paul Revere Variable Annuity Insurance Co. Dave joined the Paul Revere sales organization in New Jersey in early 1972. He most recently served as brokerage supervisor for the company's Boston office. He and his wife, **Lynn Markham '69**, and their two children, Ryann and Tyler, have moved to 21 Hitchcock Lane, Avon, Conn. 06001. **John Sylvester** is in ship and cargo chartering with the Marine Chartering Co. in California. His address is 674 Redwood Ave., Corte Madera 94925. **Richard Pounder** is an account executive with Dancer, Fitzgerald, Sample in New York City. His address is 19 Sommerstown Rd., Ossining 10562. **Edgar Butler** is personnel and safety director with the Taylor and Fenn Co. in Windsor, Conn. and is living at 322 Conestoga St., Windsor 06095. **Lt. William Wetherill** is stationed in San Diego. Mail will reach him at 10554 Gabacho Dr., San Diego 92124.

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William Morse has been elected assistant vice president of The Connecticut Bank and Trust Co. He is the manager of the Bank's Correspondent Bank Investment Advisory Dept. **Rita Lavin Gore** and her husband, Michael, have been transferred from Virginia Beach to Hawaii where they are living on an island in Pearl Harbour. Their address is Quarters 120-B, Ford Island, Honolulu 96818.

paperback entitled "Divorce in Pennsylvania, a People's Guide; What You Ought to Know If You Are Thinking of Divorce." The **Rev. Sheldon Flory** is an English teacher and chaplain at the Darrow School. His address is Box 336, New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125. **Leigh Wright** will begin a six-month home leave in July and will be a visiting professor of Southeast Asian History and Politics at the University of New Mexico during the fall semester.

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Haven Whiteside, professor of physics at Federal City College in Washington, D.C. has been on leave this year. Under an American Physical Society Congressional Fellowship, he has been working as a professional staff member on the Senate Subcommittee on Environmental Pollution. This is Senator Muskie's subcommittee which authored the Clean Air Act of 1970 and the Water Quality Amendment in 1972. He and his wife, Rose, with their four adopted children, Matthew 13, Jonathan 11, Joanna 9, and Kathy 7, live at 1801 Irving St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20010. **Dr. William Kinnard**, associate director of Albany Medical Center, will become president of Buffalo General Hospital on September 1. According to the chairman of Buffalo General's Board of Trustees, Dr. Kinnard is well qualified for the job with his experience at Albany Medical where he coordinated planning for an eight-story addition to the hospital. Buffalo General is planning a $100 million expansion program. **Alice Thor Pianfetti** (Mrs. Kevin) is an assistant professor of French and Spanish Language and Literature at Fairleigh Dickinson. Fordham awarded her a degree in French literature and she was recently elected deputy chairman in the Dept. of Foreign Languages and Literatures at Fairleigh.

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JoAnn Nevins Onacki (Mrs. Zygman) of Glastonbury, Conn. has been appointed coordinator of the Citizens Assembly. She started work in April and will supervise the Assembly's staff of four, coordinate its activities and serve as liaison with city officials and administration, and with community groups. JoAnn received a Master's in Community Organization from the Univ. of Connecticut School of Social Work in May.

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Eva Sontum Pahnke (Mrs. Walter) is a counselor with the United Counseling Services of Bennington County. She lives at 16 Hall St., No. Bennington, Vt. 05257. **Richard McCoy**, director of administrative operations in the Consumer Markets Division of Eastman Kodak, will assume the duties until November 1 of the director of advertising planning, who has retired. Dick will be conducting a special study of the division's advertising in the interim.

55

Ted Haviland started a new business in June, known as Dunhill of Livingston, Inc., in Livingston, N.J. It is a franchise for a national personnel agency system. **Joan Patterson Woodsum** (Mrs. Harold) has been elected a trustee of the Portland (Me.) Symphony Orchestra.

Richard McCoy '54

Carrie Kittell '62

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Eugene Margolius has been promoted to executive assistant to the general sales manager of Columbia Pictures in New York. Gene has been with Columbia for ten years, serving as a salesman in Philadelphia, Chicago branch manager, and Eastern Division manager. **Frederick Walker**, formerly vice president and senior loan officer at Lafayette Bank and Trust Co. of Bridgeport, Conn., has been elected vice president of the New Britain National Bank.

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James Wagner has been elected assistant vice president of operations at the Boston Gas Co. He is responsible for the distribution and engineering departments, which together comprise 450 employees. **Phyllis Libman Usticke** and her husband, Gordon, have opened a store called Pan Enterprises at 622 Broadway, Kingston, N.Y. where they will sell "whole foods, staples and." The "and" is used and new books, plants, some hand-made jewelry and includes a "little art gallery." Whole foods, she says, are "foods free of chemical additives, colorants or artificial flavoring, left in the whole, unrefined state, or processed as little as possible to render them suitable for eating." **Frances Hall**, formerly director of admissions at Cedar Crest College in Allentown, Pa., has been appointed director of admissions and Financial Aid for the Dartmouth Medical School. **Douglas Robinson** is manager of individual and trust investment accounts with U.S. Trust in New York City.

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Dr. James Sweatt, surgeon, has been appointed to the Dallas (Tex.) County Hospital Board. **Janet Miller McKee** and her husband, Ian, their three sons, James 6, Andrew 5 and David 3, are in the Fiji Islands where her husband is on a one-year contract with the United Nations, working on a regional plan for the islands. They are renting a house just across the road from the sea so they have a lovely view of the entrance to the harbour and have a beautiful garden complete with a banana tree. Mail will reach them at Box 2054, Government Buildings, Suva, Fiji.

59

The new class secretaries are: **E. Lester** and **Shirley Manchester McDowell**, 19 Osgood St., Andover, Mass. 01810.

Peter Watson operates a sailing charter yacht in the Virgin Islands. His address is Yacht Shellback, Home Port, St. Thomas 00801. **Dr. Frederick Swan** is professor of general ecology, conservation, plant taxonomy and botany at West Liberty State College. His address is 365 Table Rock Ln., RD 1, Wheeling, W. Va. 26003.

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Jack Kofoed, formerly executive vice president and division manager of Papercraft Corp., has been elected executive vice president of Binney and Smith in New York. He will be responsible for marketing operations, finance, and domestic manufacturing. **Ward Dennis** has been named Director of the Institute for Latin American studies, Columbia University School of International Affairs. He will continue to serve as Associate Dean of the School of General Studies as well. During the fall of 1974 Ward was in Quito and Guayaquil, Ecuador, as a Senior Fulbright-Hays Fellow. He served as administrative and academic advisor to two universities on matters of planning, development, curriculum and student affairs. **John MacDonald** is a sales representative with the Stackpole Carbon Co. in Dayton, O. and is living at 500 Hathaway Rd., Dayton 45419.

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Janet Young Dennis (Mrs. Ward) is librarian and director of media at Pleasantville (N.Y.) High School. She also spent the fall in Ecuador with her husband and advised on library acquisitions and document preservation. **Dr. Marian Matheke Melish** is assistant professor of pediatrics at the UCal-San Diego School of Medicine. She is living at 4255 Del Monte Ave., San Diego 92107.

Carrie Kittell writes that she is leaving her position as director of dance at Lake Erie College to work full-time for the Fairmount Center for Creative and Performing Arts: "My new position will be director of the Dance Program at Fairmount's Coventry Village Center in Cleveland

Fledging Writers on the Mountain

Next month, for the 50th time,
200 novitiates will explore
the agony (and ecstasy?)
of writing well—
at that Conference in Ripton.

There are two "Bread Loafs" and this causes some confusion. Both are run by Middlebury, both are summer happenings, both use the same mountain campus, and both are concerned with writing and literature. The Bread Loaf School of English starts in late June and ends 6 weeks later in early August; it's a graduate-level summer school whose course work can lead to a Master's degree—one of the College's eight Summer Language Schools. After a three-day hiatus for clean up, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference opens and runs for 13 days; its courses do not earn degree credits; it's a professional and pre-professional program for writers and would-be writers in all *genres*—fiction (including science- and children's), non-fiction, and poetry.

Both Bread Loafs have been operating continuously, in sequence, for a half-century or more: the School of English opened in 1920; the Writers' Conference in 1926. Typical recent enrollments at the School of English are 220 students; at the Writers' Conference, 200.

On August 12th next, the 50th session of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference will begin, and that anniversary is the excuse for our consideration of its past and continuing drama. For no other corner of Middlebury's broad panorama of educational offerings is so charged with tears and laughter, larger-than-life defeats and triumphs, histrionics, upstaging, second-curtain suspense, dressing-room hysterics, and box-office *personae*. Yet for all of that, when the stage goes dark, many an actor heads home sensing a new fire in his bosom and a new light unto his path.

If the list of participants in this mountain-vale extravaganza is not quite a Who's Who of American Literature, it's still a name-dropper's paradise. In its first half-century, the Writers' Conference has shared in the abilities of scores of distinguished writers whose names are familiar to most literate Americans: it has enlisted for its teaching staff such talents as Nelson Algren, Hervey Allen, Saul Bellow, Catherine Drinker Bowen, Kay Boyle, Ray Bradbury, John Mason Browne, John Ciardi, Bernard DeVoto, Allen Drury, Ralph Ellison, Dudley Fitts, Robert Frost, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Nancy Hale, Mark Harris, Shirley Jackson, John P. Marquand, Merle Miller, Frank O'Connor, Fletcher Pratt, John Crowe Ransom, Ted Roethke, Burton Roueche, Richard Rovere, May Sarton, Wallace Stegner, Louis Untermeyer, Edward Weeks, Jessamyn West, and William Carlos Williams. Its visiting lecturers have included W. H. Auden, James T. Farrell, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Joseph Wood Krutch, Sinclair Lewis, Archibald MacLeish, and Katherine Anne Porter. Among its Fellows have been Eugene Burdick, Truman Capote, Joan Didion, Carson McCullers, Anne Sexton, and Eudora Welty.

A rather potent crew. And these are only the names most familiar to your correspondent; from the total roster of 334, another more familiar with the literary scene might well present a different list.

In its first 50 years, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference has known but five directors: it began in 1926 as the "Short Session for Students of Creative Writing," with John Farrar, the New York editor and publisher, as director. In 1929, Robert Gay took over and in 1932 Ted Morrison began the longest directorate, 24 years. John Ciardi directed from 1956 through 1971, then the present director, Robert Pack, assumed the leadership in 1972.

No formal history of this unique institution has yet been written—Ted Morrison is now engaged on that project—but we present in these pages three vignettes, describing aspects of the story in three periods: the 1930's, the 1940's, and the 1970's.

John Allen received a BS in electrical engineering from MIT in February and is now working, nights, for Advent, Inc. in Cambridge, while perfecting a working model of a variable-pitch keyboard musical instrument. **Peter Kirkpatrick** was awarded a Master's in Social Science by the University of Northern Colorado in March. **Jean Dithmar Myer** (Mrs. Randolph) is in data processing with IBM in Jefferson City, Mo. She is living at 2107 Dalton, Apt. J, Jefferson City 65101. **Ransdell Mulligan** is the Washington representative for Crane and Co. and is living at 8715 Contel Rd., Laurel, Md. 20811. **Ronald Hoag** has received a second Master's —this one in English and Creative Writing from the Univ. of Wisconsin where he has been a teaching assistant for the past two years. The first of July he and his wife moved to 25-G Laurel Ridge, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514 where they will make their home while he studies for a PhD in English at the University of North Carolina and is also a teaching assistant. During the summer he is writing a script for a film documentary on the causes of the American Revolution. It is scheduled for national distribution at high schools.

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The new Class Secretaries are **Thomas W. Shreeve**, 175 Eastern Pky., Apt. 3-K, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238; and **Susan Mallon Ross** (Mrs. Arthur), Box 53, Peacham, Vt. 05863.

Josephine Burke is an instructor at Champlain College. Her address is RFD, Box 29, Richmond, Vt. 05477. **Howard Richmond** was awarded the Juris Doctor degree by the University of Puget Sound in May. **Lee Lamprecht** is in international banking with the First National Bank of Maryland. He lives at 1323 Eutaw Pl., Baltimore 21217.

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May Louise Coors is working for Meyer, Merriam, Nishoka and Schutt, architects in San Luis Obispo. She did graphics for an anthology of women's poetry published in May. Her address is 326 Christina Way, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401. **Hollister Knowlton Jameson** (Mrs. George) of 1422-C Druid Valley Dr., Atlanta 30329, is a research technician in the Biochemistry Department at Emory University. **Martha Laws** reports that she is now Mrs. Frederick H. Anderson, Jr. and has a son, Eric, born March 2, 1975. Martha is working for the Future Research Corp. in Nashua, N.H. She and her family live at 12 Shattuck St., Nashua 03060. **David Saporito** is senior staff analyst with Aetna Life and Casualty. He lives at 69 Harlan St., Manchester, Conn. 06040. **Elizabeth Boerckel Bayardi** (Mrs. Armand) is manager of the patient access system with Harvard Community Health Plan and living at 109 Commonwealth Ave., Boston 02116.

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Robert Cosgrove is marketing-promotion assistant with the Green Giant Co. in Chaska, Minn. and living at 2800 Woolsey Ln., Wayzata 55391. **Alexandra Haynes** is working for the University Press of New England and living in East Plainfield, N.H. 03781. Since her marriage in March, **Jane Lardner Lambshead** is continuing her social work with the elderly while her husband, Paul, is a pastoral intern at Circle Church in Chicago and working as a psychiatric orderly. They are living at 5744 W. Race St., Chicago 60644.

Pamela Philipp Whelan (Mrs. William) is finishing work for her teacher certification. Mail will reach her c/o Dr. Roy Philipp, 1009 Glenview, Carbondale, Ill. 62901. **Rosalyn Templeton Marvin** (Mrs.) is secretary to the vice president of sales with Ter, Bush and Powell and is living at 2475 Brookshire Dr., Apt. 2, Schenectady, N.Y. 12309. **Louise Boyd** is living in London. Her address is 33 St. Richard, 102 Eversholt St., London N1, England. **Wendy Loveday** is controller with Hanna, Zabriskie and Daron, Ltd. Her address is 37051 Jefferson Ct., Apt. 609, Farmington Hills, Mich. 48024. **David Pierson** is a sales manager trainee with the Toro Co. His address is 2760 Vale Rd., Wayzata, Minn. 55391. **Russell Bennett** is an attorney with the N.Y. Court of Appeals. He lives at 101 So. Pine St., Albany 12208. **Douglas Murphy** is an internist at Massachusetts General Hospital and is living at 10 Emerson Pl., Apt. 24-B, Charles River Park, Boston 02114. **James Runcie** is working at the Brandon Training School. His address is RD, Shoreham, Vt. 05770. **Peter Stewart** is working for the Buttenheim Publishing Co. in New York and living at 1206 E. 38th St., Brooklyn 11210. **Thomas Meredith** is a cross-country ski instructor at Snow Mass, Colo. His address is Box 10331, Aspen 81611. **Alan Wood** and wife **Martha McCravey** received their MD degrees from Harvard in June and are continuing their medical training at the Univ. of Michigan Hospitals in and around Ann Arbor. Their new address is 3074 Baker St., Dexter 48130 where visitors and friends are welcome. **Deborah Danzell Garabedian** (Mrs. Edward) is a pharmacist with the North Scituate (Mass.) Pharmacy.

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Marcia Rogers Nothnagle (Mrs. Frederick) is working for Metropolitan Life in Warwick, R.I. as their personnel specialist. Sarah Butcher is marketing officer in the commercial-banking division of the First National Bank of Boston. **Douglas Arnot** is a first-year student at Suffolk University Law School. He lives at 78 Maugus Ave., Wellesley, Mass. 02181. **David Danforth** is a newscaster with Station KSNO in Aspen, Colo. His address is PO Box 10115, Aspen 81611. **Badri Pande** received his Master's in Education from the Univ. of Minnesota in December and is currently in the doctoral program in Higher Education at Southern Illinois University. He lives at 161-6 Evergreen Terr., Carbondale 62901. **Katherine Sulkes** is an assistant to the documentary producer of CBS News. She is living at 333 West End Ave., Apt. 5-B, New York 10023. **Pamela Smith** is a graduate student and teaching assistant in the department of earth science at the Univ. of California at Santa Cruz. Her address is 145 Palo Verde Terr., Santa Cruz 95060. **Dorothy Wood Gingras** is a student at the Univ. of Vermont and living at 261 So. Winooski Ave., Burlington 05401. **Stephanie Masten** is secretary to Congressman Larry Pressler in Washington. She lives at 829-20th, So., Arlington, Va. 22202. **Jenny Tippens** is working in the comptroller's office at Middlebury College and living at 111 So. Main St., Middlebury 05753. **Albert Fiacre** is in financial planning with the Chemical Bank of New York. His address is Box 342, Maplewood, N.J. 07040. **Anne Gilbert** is a marine technician with Deep-Sea Drilling Project, S. I. O. UCSD. Her address is Route 1, Box 153 D-3, Del Mar, Calif. 92014. **James Hefti** is an associate with the K. A. Schuh Agency, State Mutual Life Assurance Co. in Boston and living at 31 Brock St., Brighton 02135.

William Lucas received an MBA from Amos Tuck School in May and is a staff auditor with Arthur Anderson and Co., 100 Federal St., Boston. **John Rahm**, after leaving Jackson, Wyo. in early April, is traveling in Europe for the summer. Mail will reach him at Green Mesa Ranch, Parlin, Colo. 81239. **Rebecca Patterson** is working at the Vermont Medical Center in Burlington, Vt. and living at 307 White St., Burlington 05401. **Kendall Downs** is a teacher at Antwerp International School in Belgium. His address is Prinshoeveweg, 2070 Ekeren, Belgium. **Catherine O'Neill Kunhardt** (Mrs. David) is all ready to take advantage of the full tuition scholarship awarded her by Georgetown University to study for a Master's in English in the Fall. **Kathryn Howard** is a sales administrator in the international division of American Bank Note in New York and living at 335 First Ave., Apt. 3-R, New York 10003. **Susan Jones** has received an MSS from Bryn Mawr after a two-year program in clinical social work. She has been awarded the first Elizabeth Gray Fining Fellowship (established by the Japanese alumnae of Bryn Mawr) to study in Japan for the academic year 1975-76. She will be studying child care and welfare and will leave for Tokyo in late August.

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Edwina Shivelhood worked last Fall for the Univ. of Oregon's independent student newspaper doing layout. She is currently a graduate student at Oregon State University majoring in Agronomic Crop Science and is concurrently working for the cereal breeding branch of the department. Her address is 229 N. W. Sixth, Corvallis 97330. **Cindy Wright** is appearing in various plays around the San Francisco Bay area and is also in rehearsal for Verdi's "La Traviata" as a member of the chorus. She is working in a fabric store to earn a steady income. Her address is 1096 Pine St., San Francisco 94109. **Catherine Viele** is an archaeology laboratory assistant with the Museum of Northern Arizona and a seasonal Park Ranger at the Navajo National Monument. **John Akers** is still teaching Spanish at the Webb School in Claremont, Calif. and coaching junior varsity soccer. His team is second in their league and lost only one in eight starts. John started work last summer for a Master's in Spanish at Middlebury's Summer School. He is hoping to spend a year in the National Conservatory in Mexico City to continue his study of the classic guitar. **Beverlie Conant** has received her Master's in Public Health at the Univ. of Texas and expects to study for a PhD and an MD. **Greg Gilman** is manager of an Army-Navy Store. He lives at 705 Stratford Ln., Apt. 164, Middletown, N.Y. 10940. **Cathy Stone** is teaching in The Museum of Science in Boston and living at 40 Lee St., Cambridge 02139. **Ann Fox** is office manager for Planned Parenthood of Vermont in Middlebury. She is living at 75 Main St., Middlebury 05753. **Patricia Sheeran Keenley** (Mrs. Richard) is a group-insurance data analyst with Aetna Life and Casualty in Hartford.

George Schirtzinger is chief photographer with Sea-Log Corp. in California and is living at 1132 No. Stoneman, Alhambra 91801. **Loring Starr** is financial secretary with CARE, Inc. in Washington and living at 1932 16th St., N. W., Washington 20009. **Dana Nikitas** is an investigator for the city of Boston Consumers' Council. He lives at 1148 Commonwealth Ave., Apt. 53, Allston 02134. **Jerome Bourrellis** is assistant export

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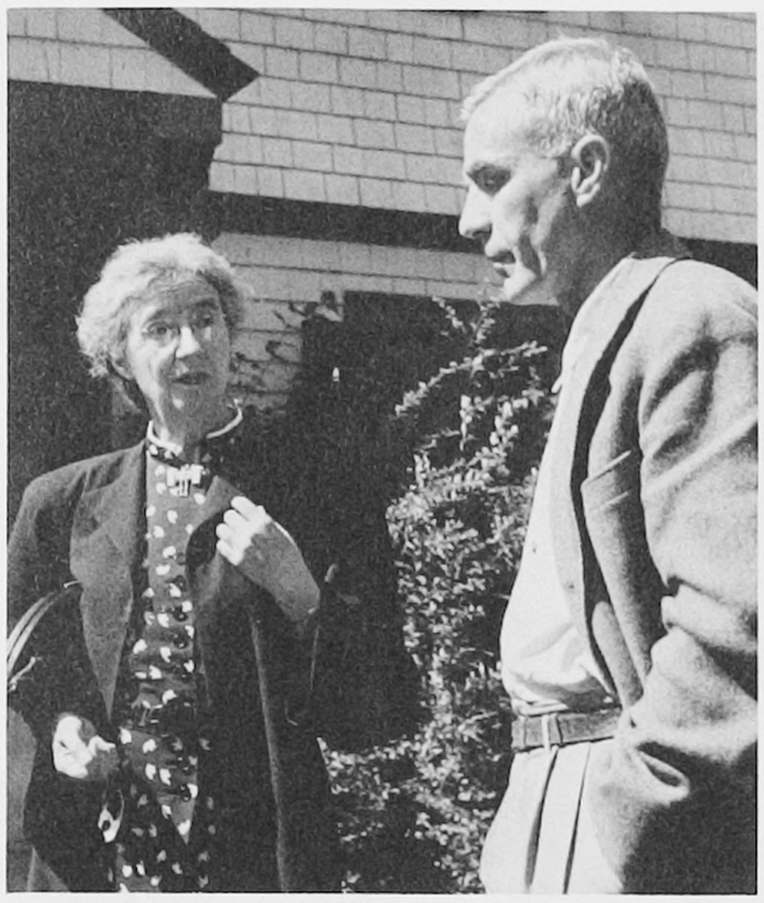


Left, Edith Mirrielees, seen here with director Morrison, taught at the Conference in 13 summers between 1929 and '49. Among her students at Stanford, where she taught for four decades, was John Steinbeck. "Edith Mirrielees," Mr. Stegner writes, "could cut away literary gangrene, or put a deformed story out of its misery, so gently that the victim did not even know he bled, and kissed the knife that ventilated him." At right, Frank O'Connor, creator of memorable Irish short stories, in 1953 instructs a rapt if unregistered student in the fluid sounds of Gaelic poetry.

neous non-fiction. Spare and tall, he had the kind of sinewy New England figure I have heard Vermonters call "cordy." He was genial, friendly, kind, had a rich fund of New England country anecdotes, but also some of the regional crustiness. When a lady Conference member kept interrupting his attempt to deal with her play script by explaining and justifying her intentions, he told her, "I'm being paid to give you a criticism of this play, and I propose to give it," as he proceeded to do. Eaton returned to the Conference in one capacity or another for some eight sessions in all.

To conduct another branch of the work I secured a poet who had been my teacher in freshman English at Harvard in 1919. By the time I lured him to Bread Loaf, Robert Hillyer had become an associate professor, had served as president of the New England Poetry Society, and had published nine volumes of poetry and poetic translation. He was to publish many more in the course of his life, despite academic and domestic crises that would have brought most talents to a premature halt. He was an accomplished if minor lyric poet of a school that now seems an endangered if not extinct species. His devotion went out to traditional forms, delicately turned stanzas, fastidious versification, and scrupulous rhyme schemes. He had an imaginative sense of humor, and he read lyric poetry with fine taste and a perfectly adapted voice. He looked back with amusing and somewhat childlike nostalgia to the reign of Good Queen Bess and espoused the Jacobite cause almost as though it were still at issue. It was hardly a wonder that in a later year he came out with a bitter attack on what he regarded as the corruption of poetry at the hands of Eliot and Pound and those in sympathy with them. The attack could not be called in any sense a model of responsible polemic. None the less, for the learners he faced at Bread Loaf in the thirties, he made an elegant and helpful exemplar.

My third new appointment in 1932 proved momentous for Conference history. When he first joined the staff, Bernard DeVoto had written novels, short stories (largely in popular magazines such as *The Saturday Evening Post*), and articles concerned with the American West. He had made his way from teaching in Utah, his native state, to Northwestern University and thence to Harvard, and had already provoked controversy into which he was far from unwilling to plunge on his own account. He had been working for some five years on *Mark Twain's America,* which came out not long after the close of the 1932 Conference and forced critics and historians to take him with a sometimes angered seriousness he had not enjoyed before. DeVoto was to serve the Conference, with interruptions, from 1932 through 1949. His influence as captain of "the fiction team" continued even when he was not present, and pervaded not only the teaching of the novel but the entire conduct of the Conference.

DeVoto could be a storm center. His private kindness and patience did not always show in his public performances. He could thunder, and did. Derogatory representations about him reached President Moody behind my back, but Moody supported me in my support of DeVoto and became his admirer and friend. Another of his close friends, it is worth recording, was Edith Mirrielees, a peerless teacher, a lady of grace and wit, and in her own right a source of indispensable strength to the Conference. As DeVoto discovered that the novel was not to be the medium of his greatest achievements, as he turned to history and valiant polemics in public causes, I tried to get him to shift his Bread Loaf ground and become our chief exponent of non-fiction. In 1955, some two and a half months before his death, he made a last unannounced visit to Bread Loaf and despite fatigue and depression showed in a vigorous lecture what he could have done in this vein if he had been spared. His altogether admirable biography by Wallace Stegner, himself a Conference staff member, contains a lively and candid picture of Bread Loaf as it was in the forties.

I attempted no marked innovations in the program during my first year or so, but one inherited feature called for change or elimination. Under R. M. Gay's directorship, a regular meeting occurred after lunch at which a staff member was supposed to lead a free-for-all discussion of some general topic, often too general or too nebulous for fruitful exploration. No doubt some of these "round tables" succeeded better than others; my memory of them is jaundiced by personal experience. I was assigned to conduct one on the formidable subject of "Literature and

The author's 24-year tenure as Director, 1932-1955, spanned both the Depression and World War II; here he recalls the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. . .

Crisis and Survival in the 1930s

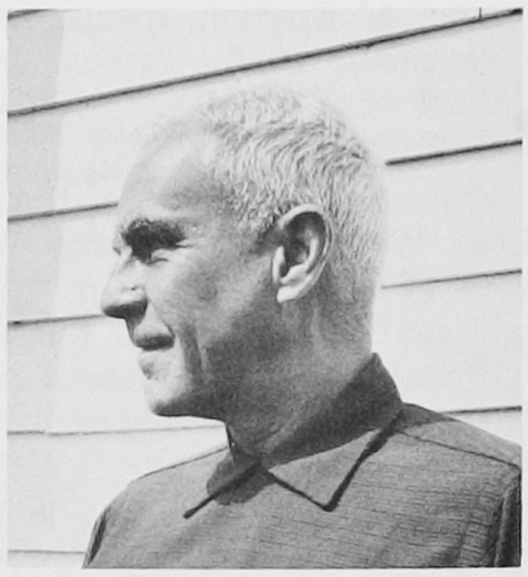
By Ted Morrison

In 1926, Middlebury College began a new venture in education, since widely imitated. It was housed in Bread Loaf Inn, part of the immense farm and forest property in the village of Ripton which had been bequeathed to the College by Joseph Battell. The new venture was first announced as a two-week extension of the already established Bread Loaf School of English, but soon became known by its distinctive title, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. Its virtual founder and first head, John Farrar, was forced in 1929 to give up his directorship to meet his publishing responsibilities in the new firm of Farrar and Rinehart. Farrar was succeeded by R. M. Gay, who in 1930 became director of the School of English. Quite unexpectedly to me, Gay invited me to take over the Conference directorship beginning with the season of 1932. I had spent five years in the editorial office of the Atlantic Monthly, although I had gone back to teaching at Harvard; I had published a book and served for two seasons on the Conference staff. I suppose I looked respectably qualified for the job, to which I was duly appointed by President Moody.

Conditions in 1932 were hardly propitious for a young director who had never attempted anything comparable before. The country suffered from a depression that has become historic; colleges and universities stood high in the ranks of the sufferers. Gay told me that enrollment at the Conference had been declining. John Farrar had started out with an attendance of 36; next year the figure climbed to 42. For the period 1928 to 1932, no figures are available. After my first session, I reported an attendance of 23. The Conference was not well known; its advertising and publicity were slight both in budget and in the spread of potential clients they reached. A lot needed to be done, but a new director had to begin with the resources at hand.

It would be tedious to go too far into budgetary details, but I think some sense of the scale within which I had to work at the start really belongs to the history of the Conference. It may provide amusement and a twinge of nostalgia to a generation again confronted by depression, and by galloping inflation at the same time. President Moody allowed $350 as a salary for the director; this, of course, for a good deal of winter work securing staff, strengthening promotion, and preparing bulletin copy as well as conducting the session in August. "It is a source of embarrassment to me," President Moody wrote, "that nearly everyone who works at Bread Loaf has to do it partly as a charity." In keeping with his somewhat casual administrative methods, he added: "We can place at your disposal the sum of $ [left blank] and in your disposition of this sum you are entirely free." A letter some ten days later filled in the blank with the figure of $2,000, to include the salary of the director. Within this amount I had to find the salaries both of my instructing staff and of office and other help. A fiscal agent of the College, painstakingly trying to enlighten me about costs and charges, explained that the share of the Conference in the cost of office equipment had been estimated at $2.85. The net result of all this inescapable penny-watching was that I could pay the members of my teaching staff $200 each and distribute $450 among five visiting lecturers. It was years before this scale of payment rose appreciably.

While doing what he can to stimulate promotion, a director's chief concern in any season is to establish his teaching staff, the basis of any pulling power the Conference can exert. I was happy to inherit from R. M. Gay three members who had already served at Bread Loaf. I was particularly fortunate in the three I was able to add. Walter Prichard Eaton, secretary of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, was a writer and lecturer of unusual versatility, a dramatic critic and skilled teacher of playwriting, a journalist, essayist, music critic, gardener, a man whose love of unspoiled country gave him the sympathies of a conservationist. Some of his titles, mentioned in the Conference bulletin, give an idea of his range as a writer: *Green Trails and Upland Pastures*, *Echoes and Realities* (verse), *The Actor's Heritage*, *Drama in English*, *Everybody's Garden*. He not only conducted the work in playwriting at the Conference, but gave down-to-earth pointers to essayists, journalists, and hopeful authors of miscella-



Ted Morrison taught English at Harvard from 1923 to '25 and from 1930 until his retirement in 1972—from 1925 to '30 he was on the editorial staff of the Atlantic Monthly. This account is adapted from his work in progress, a history of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, 1925-75, to be published next year.

if we gained as many as fifteen registrations by opening date the conference should continue as planned. I said I regarded staff salaries as unreservedly pledged, but that some might be voluntarily declined. On July 31 I received assurance that the session would be held, but as confirmed enrollments had risen only to nine and cancellations were still possible, the prospects seemed by no means secure. By August 4 registrations had gone up to fourteen, twelve of them women. President Moody made it known that no staff member would be asked to serve without pay or allowed to return his salary whether the Conference was held or not. The final attendance figure came to twenty.

So the session of 1933 took place, and the Conference did not die, as I feared it might if it risked a year of suspension. I was able to present a staff and a set of visiting speakers who were well up to standard and, through the good offices of DeVoto, an additional visiting lecturer who came too late for advance announcement. This was Sinclair Lewis, a neighbor some forty miles away in the village of Barnard. Lewis had appeared in 1929 at the School of English under circumstances that achieved at least local notoriety. After supper and before his scheduled lecture, Lewis had gone up to his room. Two unidentified strangers drove up and disappeared behind the lecturer's door. When no Lewis appeared to take the platform, President Moody, son of the famous evangelist, climbed the stairs to Lewis's quarters to investigate. According to the account of a faculty member of the School, he was greeted with the invitation, "Here, Prexy, we've got the damnedest good gin. Have a drink."

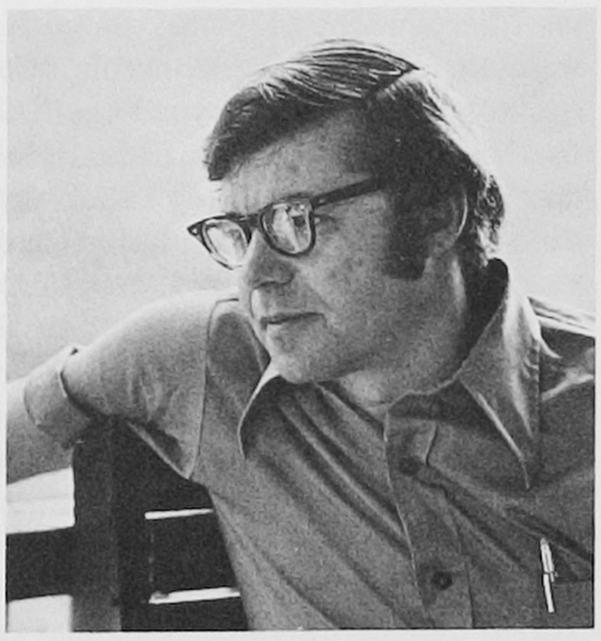
At the Conference in 1933, I was not particularly aware of this precedent, but my wife and I were not sure what the evening might produce. We had invited President and Mrs. Moody, a tiny woman of quiet charm, bright eye, and unobtrusive humor, to join the staff and our Nobel Laureate guest at dinner. We thought a protective distance might be in order between Lewis and the Moodys and accordingly put them at opposite ends of the table. In this we miscalculated. President Moody kept straining to hear what Lewis was saying. Moody would have liked nothing better than to sit elbow to elbow with Lewis and engage him in direct talk without a frustrating row of intermediaries eating their dinner in between. Fortunately Lewis launched into a performance which became audible throughout the whole dining room. People put down their knives and forks or held them suspended, hunching closer to listen. Once launched on his theme, Lewis ran away with it like a horse that seizes the bit in its teeth. His eyes grew bulbous with concentration, totally indifferent to the silence of everyone within earshot. He produced an extraordinary *tour de force*, elaborated at surprising length, a kind of free-verse, Vachel-Lindsay-like chant celebrating the hegira of Bernard DeVoto from Ogden, Utah, to the effete culture of the East. This dinner-table performance was a good deal superior to Lewis's lecture later in the evening. The lecture, as I recall it, consisted largely of an eminent writer crying in his beer. A writer, Lewis told us, is a miserable, lonely creature; all his competitors eagerly watch each successive book for signs of decaying talent and impending failure, over which they are impatient to gloat. One somewhat redeeming observation I think I remember was to the effect that writing is a great art but a lousy business.

After surviving the threat of extinction, or a least suspension, in 1933, the Conference was confronted by even greater budgetary stringency in 1934. Details would be tedious; eventually the only way I could see to approximate my allotment for staff costs was to drop Robert Hillyer and take over the work in poetry myself. My staff plans had hardly been completed when Hillyer was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. He gained an important public distinction, and I gained the melancholy opportunity to say, "I told you so."

Yet if the staff lost one Pulitzer winner in Hillyer, it gained another in Julia Peterkin, who had received the award in 1928 for her novel *Scarlet Sister Mary*. And somehow, despite the continuing financial pinch, the College in 1934 found the means to fund the first of the regularly established Conference fellowships, an innovation of immense importance for all the subsequent history of the enterprise. The first slate consisted of four Fellows, competitively chosen from among candidates nominated by publishers and editors, a plan that has substantially continued in force to the present. Among these first four was Josephine Johnson, who in the following year became a Pulitzer Prize winner herself, for her novel *Now In November*.

As matters worked out, 1934 proved a turning point in the development of the Conference. That it could do so was largely the result, I have always believed, of Hervey Allen's return to the staff after an absence of two seasons. In the previous year Hervey's immensely long and fabulously successful novel, *Anthony Adverse*, had appeared. Hervey was persuaded to come back to the Conference for a week as a consultant in fiction. He came with John Farrar, whose firm had published *Anthony Adverse*. Both, in friendship to Bread Loaf, declined fees. Although enrollment figures for the season are lacking, my memory is that attendance took a quantum leap up into the fifties. Certainly for the following year, when records are available, the figure stood at 59. From 1934 on, the Conference stood consistently on a firmer footing. Not even the global embroilment of World War II was able to threaten it as it had been threatened in the depth of the depression. Now, after more than 15 years of expansion and continuity under my successor, John Ciardi, it goes along vigorously in the good hands of Middlebury's poet and faculty member, Robert Pack. □

John Ciardi, Director, 1956-72



Director Robert Pack

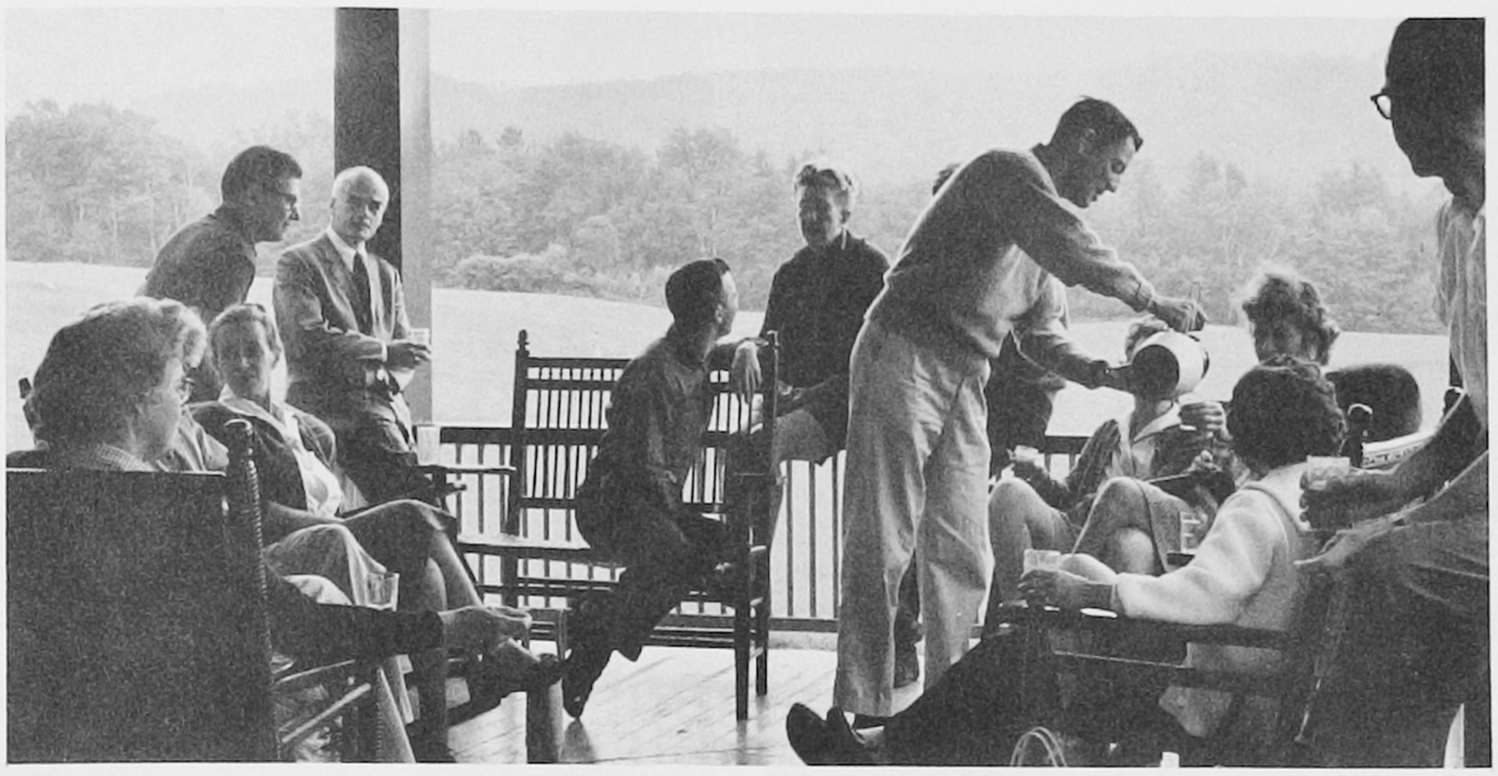
The staff in Ted Morrison's final year as director, 1955: back row: Bernard DeVoto, Richard Rovere, John Ciardi, A.B. Guthrie, Jr.; middle: Rachel MacKenzie, Fletcher Pratt, Ted Morrison, Robert Frost, and Inga Pratt; front: Judith Ciardi, Lincoln Barnett, Mary Moore Molony, Kay Morrison, and May Sarton.

Psychology." I floundered. The discussion labored along disjointedly, with intervals of embarrassed silence until Hervey Allen came to my rescue and redeemed the occasion.

Hervey took part in the Conference only five times, as far as my records show, but while he was present he was a cherished figure. By 1930, he had gained a name as a poet, had produced a volume on his experiences in the first World War, and also his monumental *Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allen Poe.* A large man, with a leg injury sustained in France, he drew affection to himself by the warmth of his emotions, his gift for friendship, and his unforgettable humor as a conversationalist. At about the point in my round-table when collapse was imminent, Hervey's big shoulders began to sway, rather in the manner of a polar bear's getting up on his hind legs. Rising from his seat, not without difficulty because of his leg wound, Hervey waited until he had reached his full height before delivering a brief discourse designed to put psychology in its place. Hervey had wide, flat cheeks and a small, tight mouth; when he spoke his lips remained motionless, and he gained his climaxes by an inversion of the usual method. As he approached his punch-line, his voice would sink down into his boots, and the final words would come out in a barely audible whisper. Barely, but still audible, through the sheer suspense that riveted everyone's attention. To suggest that psychology might not be the most reliable guide for literature, Hervey invoked the name of the behaviorist, John B. Watson. His remarks went something like this: "Dr. John B. Watson tried out some experiments lately. They were experiments on babies. Dr. Watson had the idea of holding the babies up in blankets in his lab and then letting go of the blankets so that the babies fell [from this point on, *diminuendo* to *ppp*] . . . and do you know what Dr. Watson found out? He found out the babies were *scairt!*"

I believe I got through my first season as director with reasonable success. One of my visiting lecturers missed his scheduled day of arrival, but a neighbor and friend of the Conference stepped into the breach with happy effect. This was William Hazlett Upson, author of the Alexander Botts stories that were enthusiastically relished by readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* and reached an almost unlimited popular audience in book form. A benefactor of Middlebury College and a long-standing friend of Bread Loaf, Upson commonly made at least one appearance each season on the Conference platform. For the most part it took the form of a discourse on the problems he met in working out one of his stories of Botts, inspired salesman for the Earthworm Tractor Company. It would be funny, sometimes hilariously funny, but it would also be a sagacious commentary on the craft of popular fiction. If my memory is right, it was Upson who quoted a maxim of the trade, "If you want to dig it up, plant it," and added, "If you want to dig it up and it isn't there, go back and plant it." He would have been glad to give his 1932 lecture gratis, as he consistently did in later years, but I felt that he had done me a kindness as a new director, and I wanted to do what I could to keep Bread Loaf on something other than a footing of charity. I still have the voucher for a fee of $25 that Upson had the good grace to accept. It may well have been the smallest professional acknowledgment he ever received.

It might be thought that if the Conference could struggle through the depression year of 1932, its path would be easier from then on. But the almost fatal crunch came in the following season. I spent the early part of the summer in Nova Scotia with my wife and small son. There, at an awkward distance from Vermont, I was put, by mail and wire, through a kind of suspense story. In late June I got word that more inquiries had been received about the Conference than in any previous year. This encouraging news was shattered on July 25, when President Moody telegraphed that cancellations had left only six applicants firmly registered and that it appeared advisable to suspend the session. He asked how far the Conference was committed to paying staff salaries. My return wire expressed extreme reluctance at the idea of suspending the session, pleading that



Above, The Hour on Treman porch; Ed Kessler pours for Julia Child.
Below, the staff in 1948: (standing) Warren Beck, Richard Brown, John Ciardi, and Robeson Bailey: (in chairs) A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Fletcher Pratt, Robert Frost, Bernard DeVoto, Mark Saxton, and director Ted Morrison; (on grass) Kathleen Morrison and Helen Everitt

These excerpts from **The Uneasy Chair** (Harper & Row, 1974) are reprinted by kind permission of the author and copyright holder, Wallace Stegner, Professor of English at Stanford. Mr. Stegner was a member of the Writers' Conference staff in 1940, '42, '44, and '46.

throwing ice picks at the pocked kitchen door, or settled down to soul-searching with highballs in hand. I can remember vignettes from those evenings as clearly as I remember anything: Eudora Welty sitting worshipfully at the feet of Katherine Anne Porter after a reading, Truman Capote holding himself conspicuously aloof from Louis Untermeyer after Untermeyer had lectured on contemporary poetry and called T. S. Eliot a writer of society verse, Carson McCullers in her starched, white boys' shirt deep in talk with W. H. Auden—and deep in my last bottle of bourbon, which I had been saving for Sunday, when the liquor store in Brandon would be closed. I can remember the night one of the Fellows, a boy just invalided out of the Royal Air Force after forty-seven bombing missions, lifted somebody else's bottle and hid it under his coat and took it to his room and went to bed with it, and to sleep; and how one of the staff, keeping an eye on him, went quietly over after a while and rescued the bottle and pulled the blankets up over the kid and tiptoed out.

That sort of evening. Sometimes, while the conscientious tried to read manuscripts in their rooms upstairs, to which every word and laugh penetrated, and while the snakebit lay down to recover, others stood with their arms around one another in the hall and sang barbershop under the baton of Louis Untermeyer, dominated always by the beautiful *basso cantante* of Colonel Joe Greene, editor of the Infantry Journal, and at least once with the assistance of the black soprano Dorothy Maynor and her accompanist, Arpad Sandor. I do not take seriously DeVoto's complaint about the glee-clubbers. Often I was one of them, and they were magnificent.

But exhausting, to themselves and their auditors. At least during the 1930's and 1940's, everything ran at such a pace, everyone worked so hard and played so hard and went to bed so late, that only will power held them together till the end. People of less than heroic fiber got sick, caught colds, got hung over, had accidents, sprained their ankles, ran into doors and blacked their eyes, fell in love, had quarrels, developed phobias and paranoias, so that every morning it was harder to get up and go forth to teach when duty's bugle blew. More than one staff member, trying to see clearly enough to pack his bag on the last morning, blessed fate and the management that the Conference lasted only two weeks. One added day would have left staff, Fellows, and customers only quivering puddles of protoplasm.

Nevertheless, from this combination of Plato's Academy and Walpurgisnacht the customers more often than not went home thrilled and stimulated and overflowing with ambition and ideas; the Fellows left knowing what they needed to do to get a start on their careers, and knowing some people who were ready, willing, and strategically placed to help them; the professionals went back to their offices purged and refreshed, perhaps with a new novelist or two on their string; and the staff members who were college teachers dispersed to their several campuses full of readiness for the autumnal renewal under the elms. □

In his absorbing biography of Bernard DeVoto, The Uneasy Chair, *Wallace Stegner recalls*

Bread Loaf in the '40s

Bernard DeVoto (center) with Josephine and Mark Saxton in 1948.

Bread Loaf was summer's climax. . . . This literary assemblage in greener and tamer mountains produced in [DeVoto] and many others among its participants a kind of frenzy, a heightening of every perception, capacity, and emotion. It combined a frantic amount of business with an equally frantic amount of fraternizing, revel, and emotional release. For two weeks DeVoto could divert the fatigue and anxiety of hack work, the belligerence of controversy, and the drive of ambition. Diving into Bread Loaf was a little like overcoming the fear of drowning by deliberately going over Niagara Falls.

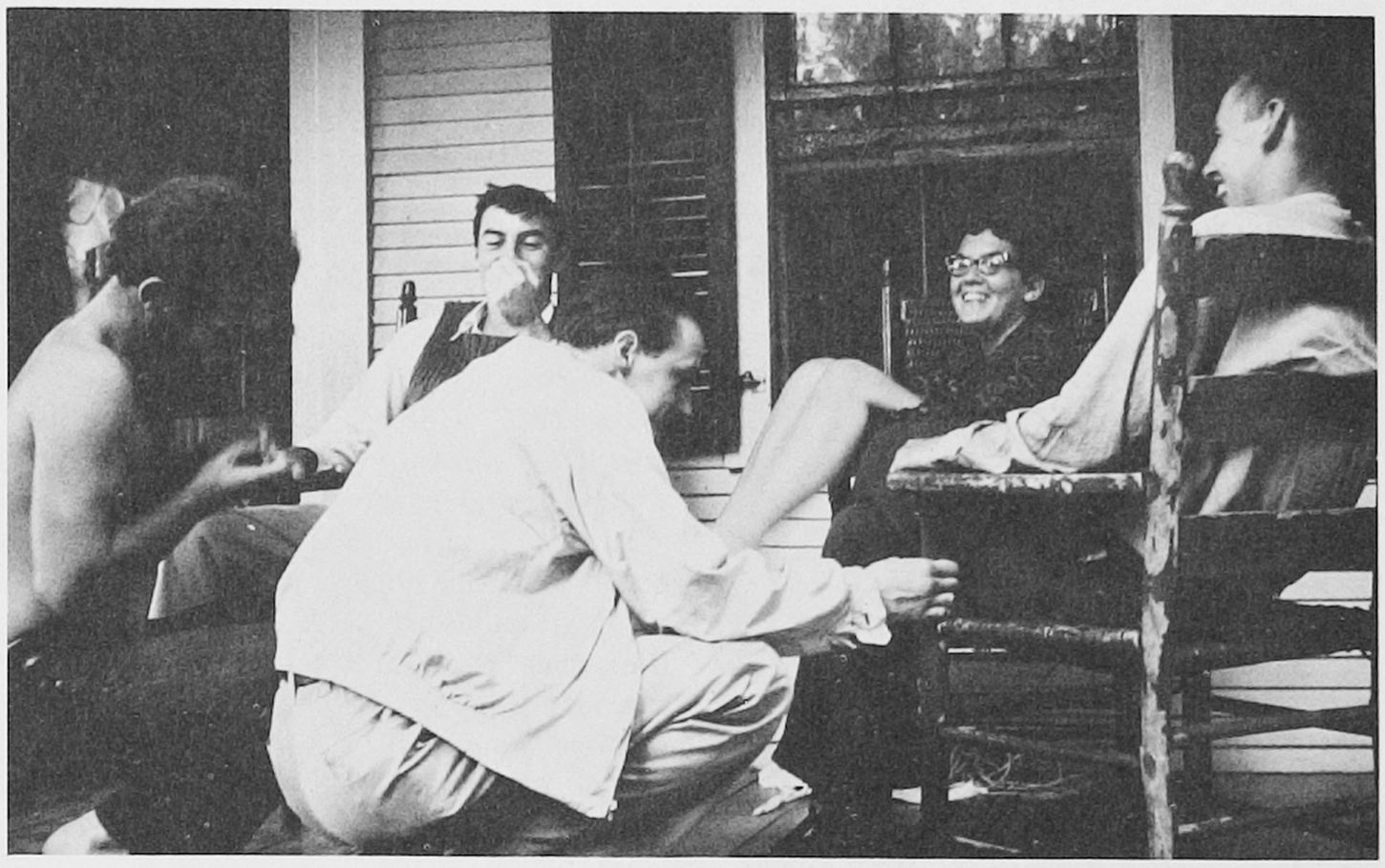
It was frenziedly, manically literary. It involved daily lectures, workshops, "clinics," symposia, conferences, mountains of manuscript. It called for strategy meetings of the fiction, poetry, drama, and non-fiction teams after breakfast to work out the best way to tell the customers the most in the shortest period of time with the greatest lasting effect. It was argument, gossip, news, getting acquainted with newcomers to the staff and with the new batch of talented youngsters who came as Fellows. Between Bread Loaf Mountain's cold August rains it was hikes on the Long Trail, which crossed the road at Middlebury Gap, or swims in the marble basins of Texas Falls, or square dances to the fiddling and calling of the Dragon brothers in Ripton. Day in, day out, whenever the weather permitted, it was furiously competitive tennis, though by the time I reached Bread Loaf, in 1938, DeVoto himself had almost given up the game and had long since imported his ringer to whip Raymond Everitt. For some (not for the DeVoto crowd) it was a two-week-long croquet tournament dominated by Walter Prichard Eaton; for all, after about 1940, it involved an annual softball game down at Robert Frost's Ripton farm. And—what sometimes aroused disapproval or envy among the customers and even within the staff—it was a lot of not-uncompetitive drinking. . . .

Noons were mild; you had time only for a quick drink between the end of classes and the dining-hall bugle. Evenings were something else. I remember them as they were from 1938 on; they could not have been much different earlier.

At five o'clock Fletcher Pratt, that odd, brilliant little man, self-made historian and naval expert given to red-plaid wool shirts and pink-plaid ties, who hated breakfast and couldn't eat eggs without anchovy paste on them, appeared mysteriously in the kitchen door of Treman Cottage waving a pitcher of arsenical martinis and twitching his wispy beard. (The beard came later, during the war, but let it pass; it completed Fletcher in his character as Merlin, and we all remember him better with it than without it.) His hoarse introit, "Come out, come out, wherever you are!" brought forth staff and Fellows, bedraggled by the day's work or already slicked up for dinner. Many of the ladies, adding a touch of grace to chaos, would have put on long dresses.

The gathering in Treman before dinner was one version of the Hour on which DeVoto was to compose some of his most heartfelt lines. He loved that pause "when evening quickens in the street," the time of day that "marks the lifeward turn." Then, he felt, "the heart wakens from its coma and its dyspnea ends. Its strengthening pulse is to cross over into campground, to believe that the world has not been altogether lost, or, if lost, then not altogether in vain." Lengthened by loving preparations, the pause extends itself. The ear is soothed by soft voices, musical tinklings of ice and glass; the eyes are soothed by soft light. Then the glass comes dewed and icy into the hand, the head inclines, lips tentatively touch the rim. Magic. "The rat stops gnawing in the wood, the dungeon walls withdraw, the weight is lifted. Nerve ends that stuck through your skin like bristles when you blotted the last line or shut the office door behind you have withdrawn into their sheaths. Your pulse steadies and the sun has found your heart. You were wrong about the day, you did more admirably than you believed, you did well enough, you did well." . . .

Evenings were a fitting completion of the days. If there was an evening lecture, either by a regular or a visitor, most attended, if not out of interest then out of sheer solidarity. But afterward they found themselves again sprawling in Treman's worn wicker arguing the lecturer's points or rehashing theory or trading notes on the Conference madwoman (there was always one), or with astonishing generosity and unselfishness promoting some newly discovered talent among the Fellows or the customers. Or they played poker, or made a game of



Despite—or because of—intense scrutiny of each writer's product, conviviality is often in evidence at what DeVoto one called "the best club I ever belonged to." At left, waitress-writers in the dining room.

Indeed, a couple of people said they had driven straight through from writers' conferences held earlier in the summer in Kentucky or Wisconsin. The first order of business seemed to be Getting Noticed, and a number of those in the barn had taken care of this by coming in costume.

There was a Maria Schneider in denim shorts, plaid blazer, complicated platform sandals and willful hair. Loretta Lynn rippled by in fringed cowgirl suit and careful curls. Marlon Brando cruised in two versions: denim and beard and a younger version in Kowalski undershirt and track shorts. Dore Previn with the Orphan Annie hair was there, and Walter Matthau in white loafers. Hemingway wore a yellow polo shirt and a wine steward's necklace. (Someone mentioned the resemblance. "The upstate Hemingways?" he asked.)

The tall, skinny girl in the red baseball cap came over and said she for one was p----d. The poetry she'd heard so far was chauvinist and unfeeling. "Breasts, my God, can't they write about anything but breasts?" she asked. "Everything reminds them of breasts. Birch trees remind them of breasts."

She looked at me sharply. "What are you into?"

"I'm into journalism."

She studied my head. "Hey, I edited a magazine at college this year," she said. "It worked out okay even though I had a lot of political trouble my junior year after I came out as gay."

She said she was at Bread Loaf on a waiter's scholarship and invited me to stop over and read her poetry. "Look," she said before moving on, "come to my tables. Three and seven on the left side and I can get you seconds on anything but steak."

"Hey look, there's Maxine," she said, pointing at a knife blade woman in slacks and a leather jacket. Maxine Kumin, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. With her, was that Peter?

At Bread Loaf, we called everyone by first names and never knew the last names of our most intimate friends until the address list was handed out at departure. Sometimes, Indian fashion, we added helpful tags to the first names. Connie-from-Carolina-who-looks-like-Jonathan-Winters, Melinda-from-Miami-who-writes-like-Donald-Barthelme-and-never-eats-her-dinner, Fast Jerry, the-guy-from-Washington-who-giggles, and Judy-who-plays-the-flute-after-dinner.

We were all staring at the stars, those persons who required only one name for identification. Peter—Peter Schrag, former executive editor of *Saturday Review*, writing a book about the Ellsberg trial. The tall athlete in the green-and-black striped polo, hands in his jeans pockets as his eyes swept the room: Mark, Mark Strand, poet, *New Yorker* magazine, books, Fulbright lecturer.

Writers' conferences compete for attendance as if they were Catskill resorts —with big name talent. "Fresh from his triumphal appearance in the *New York Times Book Review*." "Reading from her hit book," "Twenty weeks on the best-seller list."

I went to Bread Loaf because Harry Crews was going to Bread Loaf. There he was, Harry from North Florida, looking like a mixture of Terry Bradshaw and Jack Palance, shaking so badly he was sloshing his spiked lemonade, shaking and banging like a speed freak, pacing around the barn with a frame hanging from his shoulders like a man made of wire coat hangers, wearing jeans and sneaks and two blue shirts one on top of the other.

Reporting her own experience at the Writers' Conference, a recent participant observes

The Plot was Thin but, Oh, those Characters!

By Carol McCabe.

Near the middle of the second week in Vermont, one of the ladies in my dorm said she'd begun to understand the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. Being there was, she thought, like crossing the Green Mountains on the Ship of Fools.

That was after the man who looks like Hemingway had been reported to the office for chasing unconsenting matrons into the woods near Widow's Clearing. By then, one of America's handsomest, most talented young poets had learned which one is called the washer and which the dryer.

The Crumb, Bread Loaf's daily newsletter, was pleading for the return of keys to the cabins which only the week before *The Crumb* had been pushing as sites for late night conversations.

The radical feminists had begun to ease off on public readings of the poetry of menstruation and masturbation and taken to drinking beer with the male poet-waiters. Marvin Bell, the poet in the housepainter's hat, had returned from a bout with the flu wearing his hospital bracelet like Navajo silver.

The girl who looks like Cybill Shepherd continued playing braless tennis to an ever-growing gallery and Fred-with-the-Camper was still hosting his daily cocktail party on the parking lot.

But the Sunset Boulevard physician who shaves his head like the Phantom, says his father was a Mongol, and wants to write a book about acupuncture, had gone home. He said he was bored.

Carol McCabe is a Washington correspondent for the Providence Journal. Her memoir of the Writers' Conference, first published in the Providence Sunday Journal, appears here in slightly revised form by kind permission of that newspaper and of the author. Copyrighted by the Providence Sunday Journal.

It was from all accounts a typical edition of America's foremost conference for writers.

We had come to Robert Frost's mountain, to the conference with which his name has been associated for many years. We might have selected any other conference from the five pages of listings in *Writer's Digest* in the spring. All over America, other people were convening in other hotels, college dormitories, and barns to talk about "persona," "voice," "the zoom effect" and other topics of importance to writers. At a conference attended by a friend of mine, the subjects included "Typewriter ribbons: Which is Best for You?"

There were conferences last summer for outdoor writers, technical writers, southern writers, writers over 57, metaphysical writers, writers of children's stories. There were conferences in Canada, England, Mexico, and Yugoslavia. There was a Christian Writers' Conference, a Black Writers' Conference, and a Cherokee Writers' Conference—the latter, it turned out, not limited to Indians but named for the town in Iowa where it is held.

"What are you into?" asked a man with a black beard and a shoulder bag. We were at the opening night party at the barn and we had just heard from the directors of the conference that we numbered 190, that most of us listed our occupation as "housewife," followed by "student," "teacher," and others including lawyer, doctor, ski instructor, hairdresser, museum curator, and a handful of people who called themselves "writer" or "journalist."

"I'm into journalism," I said warmly.

"I'm the hair dresser," said the man with the beard, "but I'm not a homosexual. My girl friend gave me this shoulder bag." Unborn calf, he said. What with his beard and all, he looked like Dan'l Boone with a game bag on his hip.

He said he had come as an auditor, that is, to listen. The group was divided about half and half between auditors, each of whom tended to introduce himself as "only an auditor," and contributors, those of us who had brought manuscripts to be read and criticized by one of the visiting experts in our field. Available fields included poetry, children's literature, fiction and non-fiction.

Auditors had presumably revealed some interest in writing when they applied to attend the conference. (The application form also asked about medical or psychiatric problems in our past and asked our religious preference. In case we should require the last rites, my roommate said later.)

It was not impossible that some people had come for a cheap version of the Club Mediterranean. Auditors spent $280 for 13 days: room, board, maid service, occasional free drinks, and a built-in social life that included the possibility of breakfast with famous authors. Contributors paid an extra $40 for work on their manuscripts and a conference with their assigned expert.

As I looked around the barn that first night, I noticed that some people seemed to know the writers' conference drill.

Morning in The Barn.

"Two people said I remind them of someone famous," he said one night at a waiters' beerfest. "One said it was Abraham Lincoln and the other one said it was Gomer Pyle."

At lunch one day, Bob Johnson said, he had sat next to a man who said his first name was "Anatole something. And I said, 'Gee, Anatole. That's a great name. That would be great, having a name like Anatole. It wouldn't be like going through your whole life saying, Hi, I'm Bob Johnson.'"

The lady across the table asked Bob Johnson if he planned to go to the next lecture. "Gee, I don't know," Bob said. It sounds dull. Some guy from the *New York Times* named Anatole something."

Anatole Broyard spoke on "Sex and Metaphor in Literature," a lecture which was mostly about Thomas Mann and *The Magic Mountain*. The woman from Keene was incensed at the choice of topic. "I think the administration deliberately manipulates us to create this highly charged sexual atmosphere."

The first week lasted about as long as the distance between February and May. Lectures in the morning, seminars in the afternoon, cocktails on the lawn, reading by the big names after dinner, beer at the barn and more reading, and finally, parties at one of the cottages or predawn conversation with Big Loud Ernie on the veranda.

Big Loud Ernie has been through analysis and a divorce and is a very open person. You can tell from across a room when he is being open, can see it in the other person's face.

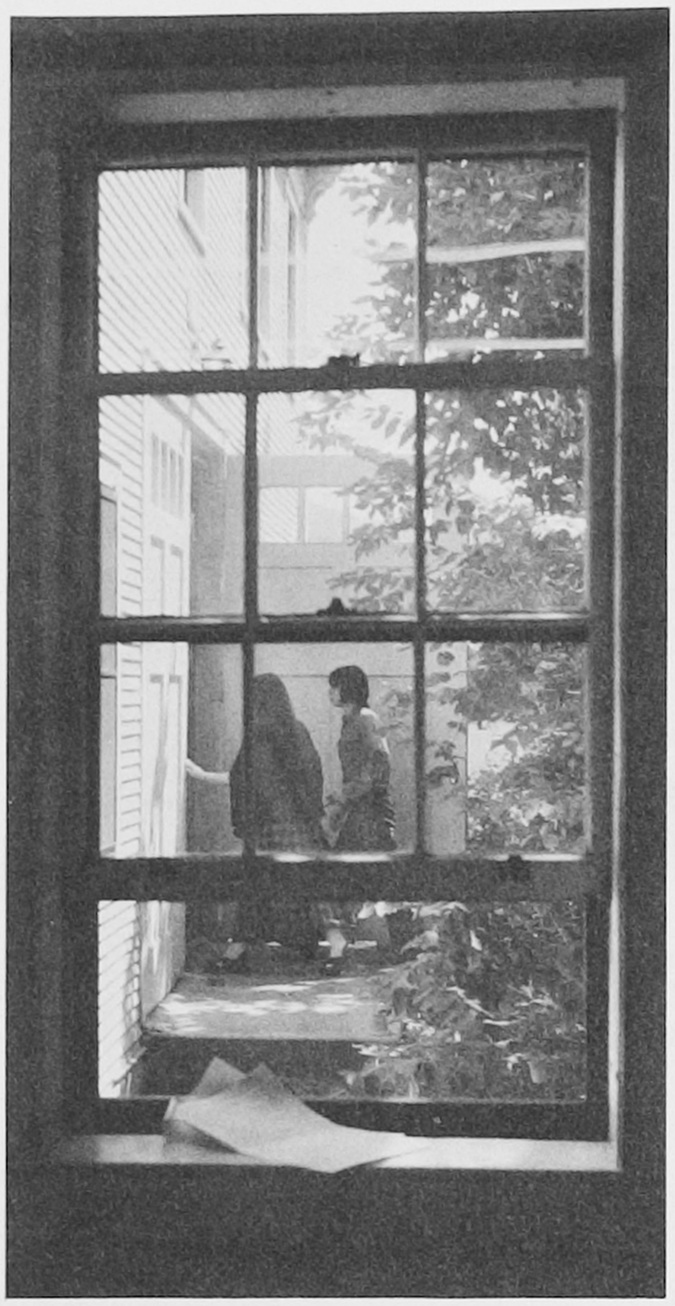
Ernie has a voice that is really too large for everyday use, a voice that carries across hayfields and through birch forests. Sometimes Lois and I found it was not easy to be known as Ernie's friends. He asked us to read his first novel, whose sex scenes read like a combination of Big Loud Ernie and Masters & Johnson, full of words like "yelp" and "vaginal canal."

During question and answer periods following the lectures, Ernie posed inappropriate questions. He considers Jacqueline Susann a bigger success than the writer he calls "Marsell Prowst." Lois and I liked Big Loud Ernie because he never quoted Yeats or used the word "exegesis." The literary novelists found him offensive.

The poets put him down. Agents with purse-lipped smiles put him down. Contributors and even auditors put him down. Ernie was not hurt. As a businessman with access to secretarial services, his were the best typed manuscripts at the conference.

A girl who writes speeches for the mayor of Fort Wayne and looks like Mick Jagger told me I look like Doris Day. I crinkled at her and said she looks like Bianca Jagger. Howard-Who-Used-to-Be-an-Editor-but-the-Magazines-Are-Out-Of-Print-Now told me at dinner that I remind him of Sonja Henie skating on the canals of Holland. I told him he looks like Erle Stanley Gardner.

Two writers from the children's story category were sitting in front of us in the lecture hall. "Do you think the witch might be a little too scary?" one asked the other.



He was surrounded by freaks and he was telling a story. Harry has written about dwarfs and midgets, a man who weighed 600 pounds, karate cultists, a gospel singer, and a man who ate a car. His latest book, *The Hawk is Dying*, about a custom seat cover man who raises falcons, drew very good reviews earlier in the year.

"They said I was finally writin' about NOARmal people," Harry was saying at the barn. "But I don't think they read as far as where the boy drowns in the waterbed."

Well, Harry was busy so I went back to my dorm, the building we'd already begun to call "Geriatric Hall." The conference sells every available space on Middlebury College's Bread Loaf campus and only those misanthropes who identified themselves as such firmly and well in advance were assigned single rooms. The rest of us were divided first by sex, then by age, then by whether or not we'd be using ashtrays.

The non-smokers had the advantage of empty ashtrays which could be used for the communal supply of change for the single telephone booth in the lobby, or for carrying soap to and from the bathroom down the hall.

My roommate was Lois-from-Maine who looks like Cloris Leachman. We were both members of the class of '58 and were assigned to the third, or frenzied floor of the Inn, built in the 1860's and kept very clean ever since. Third floor women were in their thirties.

The 40-year-olds and 50-year-olds were billeted on the floor below us, an assignment presumably based on the wisdom that they could not make the stairs to the loft as well as we, at least for the moment, could.

Two women on the third floor had lied on their applications and we all knew who they were.

Lois said she'd been walking in front of the Inn and a man advised her to take off her wedding ring and she'd have a much richer experience at Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. Later, the bald doctor told her that coming to Bread Loaf in the first place proved that her marriage is in trouble.

We talked about other literary concerns before going to bed and I learned that at Pembroke, too, members of the class of '58 learned to go to sleep after beer parties with one palm pressed to the floor to keep the room from whirling.

The early days of the conference were sonorous with poetry, which was all very pleasant at first. Robert Frost is gone and though poet John Ciardi, longtime director of the conference, directs no longer, evidence of his style remains. The conference is still staunchly conservative in outlook and the emphasis is on punctuation more than passion. This is an appropriate approach in view of the preponderance of non-professionals at the conference, but one that discourages greater attendance by writers who already know the fundamentals of their craft.

And Bread Loaf continues to hold poets in special regard. According to Edward Martin, administrative director of the conference, more than half of this year's participants were into poetry, as we put it on the mountain. Surely there had been no elitism at work in their selection. At a reading one night in the barn a redhead we knew as Nell-from-New-Orleans read a work that began,

Little Ant
Little Ant
How I wonder
What you want.

The male poets seemed to have a little something extra going for them. One of the most successful of their number was the Beautiful Young Man. Blond, bearded, smiling with some inner knowledge, he was variously identified as Southern, Northwoods, and Irish. The Irish I.D. was an error, based on his habit of appearing at beer parties with a bottle of Irish whiskey cradled in his arm.

The Beautiful Young Man gave pictures. Those who were in a position to know said that an average of two poetry lovers each day were receiving autographed photos of Himself standing on a beach located either in Maine or in Tennessee. The pictures came in two sizes, according to those in a position to know: Wallet and placemat.

Big Loud Ernie was, he said, a retired businessman. He had retired from the presidency of four companies at the age of 40 in order to devote himself to writing. He thought of an idea for a business book and called up a publisher. The publisher suggested lunch. Ernie went, they bought the lunch and the book.

Then, after learning how simple it is to write books, Ernie locked himself in his apartment and wrote three novels, had brought the latest to Bread Loaf as a contributor in fiction. He was in Harry's workshop where almost everyone wanted to be. (Those who did not want to be there included Melinda-from-Miami-who-writes-like-Donald-Barthelme and considered Harry too traditional for her purposes, and Ted-from-Ferrisburg, who had sent his novel to Vladimir Nabokov to read and then wrote Nabokov again to ask if he'd finished it yet.)

Ernie bought me breakfast one morning at the barn, and talked about the art of writing fiction. "I think I'm pretty good at telling a story," he said. He pushed an English muffin across the table and leaned back, draping a sandal across a wicker chair-arm.

"My problem is, I don't know where to put in the paragraphs."

The tall, shy boy from Virginia who was so nice about introducing people was named Bob Johnson. It was, he knew, an unmemorable name.

Letters

Claude Bourcier

(We share with our readers these excerpts from a letter written last Fall to President Armstrong—Ed.)

". . . Prof. Bourcier has done so much to stimulate interest in the study of French, to acquaint students with all branches of French culture, and to devise methods and techniques of more effectively teaching the French language, and foreign languages in general.

"I wonder if the many students who were fortunate enough to be in Prof. Bourcier's classes in both schools and who were inspired by him to become effective teachers, are aware that he is on the verge of retirement, and that this is the time to let him and you and your Board of Trustees know how greatly they appreciate him as a Master Teacher, wise counselor, fine administrator, unusually interesting lecturer, gifted actor and choirmaster.

"As for myself, I shall never cease to be profoundly grateful to him for creating and fostering that friendly and stimulating atmosphere at the French Summer School of Middlebury which was of great benefit to those enrolled in the school and who continued to be in touch with it and with him through the annual reunions of the association, L 'Amicale de Middlebury, which he created. I recall very vividly being present at the meeting at the Institut Francais in New York City when he proposed the formation of this organization in the early '50s, which, over the years, spread the fame of the Middlebury French Summer School and of your splendid College.

"After my years of teaching French at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn, N.Y. from which I had graduated, I became Chairman of Foreign Languages in 1941 at Manual Training High School (later re-named John Jay HS) : I passed on to the teachers in my department the advice and knowledge of techniques sponsored by Prof. Bourcier. Several of my younger teachers decided to take courses and work for degrees at the Middlebury French Summer School, and some of my French students entered Middlebury College after graduation from high school.

"As a result of my visits to classes at Middlebury during the Amicale reunions, I was encouraged to request the Board of Education of the City of New York, through the office of my principal, to establish an electronic Language Laboratory at John Jay High School, which I administered until my retirement in 1968. Through Prof. Bourcier's interest in the latest books on pedagogy, as well as in standard French literary publications made available at the Librairie on campus, I maintained a helpful and comprehensive library for my teachers and students of French.

"Although I realize that you are well aware of the fine qualities and accomplishments of your Dean and Director of the Graduate French group in Paris, I wish to attest to the fact that Prof. Bourcier has profoundly influenced students and teachers of French throughout the United States, at the same time enhancing the renommée of your college and state.

"I am still in touch with chairmen and teachers of French who earned higher degrees at the French School of Middlebury and whose horizons were broadened by this inspirational and enthusiastic professor."

Most sincerely,
Elizabeth V. Rabe
Chester, New York

"Unanticipated dividend"

To the Editor:

[Re the three articles viewing death from differing perspectives,] Belatedly, I want to express my admiration. Your own article on the tragic loss of your son was moving and well-written, and as a parent I suffered with you and learned something, as well, about how to relate to families suffering similar bereavement. Bard Lindeman's article on his wife's death was similarly first-rate. And, as I trust you expected, I found David Price's piece, "Only One's Own Dead Matter," to be stunning in its emotional impact, almost unbearable in its poignancy, wholly admirable in its writing. I hope you will express my thanks to him for writing it, and for letting others share, as much as they can, in his experience. I have read it twice at a time I have to discard most things I should read only once, and looking at it again, I find it haunting.

I hope I will find more such writing in your News Letter in the future. I had assumed that Middlebury would do such things well; to find such excellence is an unanticipated and rich dividend. Again, as a fellow professional in this field, my compliments and congratulations.

CALVIN MAYNE (parent)
Rochester, N.Y.

Tenure

To the editor:

I shall always be grateful for the institution that Middlebury College was fifty years ago and I have always taken satisfaction in contributing what little I could to its support but the article, "Solving the Tenure Problem," in the Spring issue leaves me with diminished confidence in the collective wisdom of the present Faculty. Are a majority of its members really unfamiliar with the "1940 Statement of Principles on Academic Freedom and Tenure" of the Association of American Colleges and the American Association of University Professors, endorsed by 86 other professional and learned societies and generally accepted by the academic community? Therein lie the solutions to all "tenure problems" and it seems to me futile for the Middlebury College Faculty to legislate on such matters.

Donald F. Weekes '24
Wilmington, Ohio

[*The AAUP Statement of Principles referred to is incorporated in the Middlebury document. But the AAUP has not proposed a* legislative, *or procedural, structure. All college and university faculties draw up their own statement of procedures. It is these procedures which the Middlebury Faculty has recently revised and it is those revisions on which Dean of the Faculty O'Brien was commenting in the Spring issue interview. —Ed.*]

To the Editor:

As part of my graduate work and as a contribution to the Vermont Council of Teachers of English literary map research, I am engaged in a study of the life and work of Daniel Pierce Thompson, the "novelist of Vermont," and a Middlebury graduate of 1820. He spent most of his life in Montpelier as a lawyer, judge, Secretary of State, and for a time editor of the *Green Mountain Freeman*. In addition to his books, he wrote many short pieces which were published in various newspapers and magazines. Unfortunately, a series of fires destroyed many files containing these short works.

If any of your readers have copies of the Thompson sketches, or of any other material relating to him and his work, I would like to have them contact me. I am searching also for an unpublished Master's thesis on Thompson submitted at Middlebury in May 1927, by Henry Howard Eddy. I have been informed that Mr. Eddy died some years ago, but perhaps some alumnus may have knowledge of his Thompson studies; the Middlebury College archives do not contain a copy.

I shall be most appreciative of any assistance interested readers may be able to offer.

LAUREL H. REED
Taftcor Building
Williston, Vt. 05495

Lois studied the backs of their heads. "I think children's lit is having more fun than the rest of us," she said.

Harry Crews used excerpts from three books by women writers to show where opening pages go right or wrong. Then he told us the authors' names. Next to the one that went wrong, written by an unsuccessful author of the jazz age, the woman next to me wrote "Ella Fitzgerald."

Bread Loaf was, we soon knew, a mountaintop encounter group, or the first week of the Army. At home, we were somebody, man, but up here, inductees. Many had arrived with a view of Bread Loaf as a turning point, a time when their talents would be recognized and rewarded. Homes, jobs and families had been left behind for this. One woman had used the last of her savings for the Bread Loaf fee. Arriving the night before the conference without enough money for a motel, she had slept in her car at the Robert Frost Memorial Wayside.

During the first week, tremendous tension accumulated as contributors looked toward the time when recognition would come. That time would be The Conference, the meeting with a staff member.

"That's the time when a lot of them start going looney," a staff member acknowledged, looking back on other years.

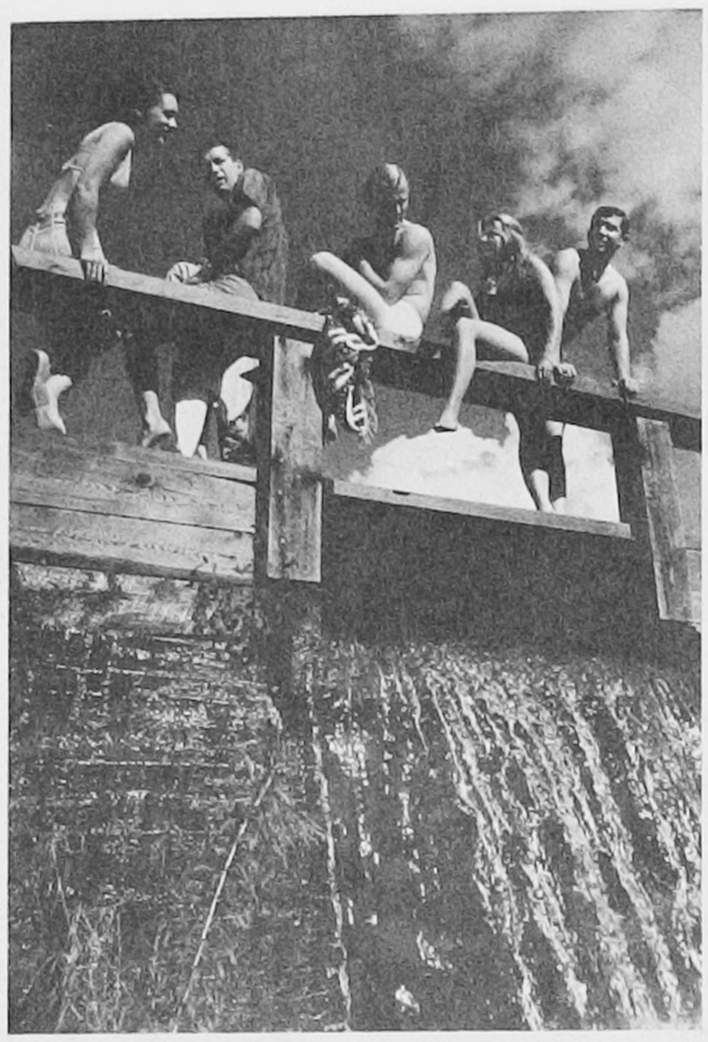
As conference days were posted, contributors began to line up at the infirmary with symptoms of tension. The nights were broken with the sound of tears, laughter, footsteps running in the halls and water running in the bathroom.

A lady on the 50's floor said she went to bed each night with her ears stuffed with toilet paper so she wouldn't hear so many terrible things, especially from the lips of that awful, loud man.

Tranquilizers went down like maple sugar and the couplings and uncouplings took on Byzantine complications.

Harry Crews was reported running four miles every morning on route 125 and working his way through 4,000 pages of contributor manuscripts during the day.

Ted-from-Ferrisburg said he had begun to get discouraged about getting his manuscript back from Vladimir Nabokov until he looked at an article in the *Times* magazine and saw the photograph of Nabokov sitting on a Swiss park bench



reading. What he was reading was Ted's manuscript.

One morning at the barn, a lady poet was having her conference near the fireplace. "I don't understand this reference to the pineal gland," her critic said.

"Oh, well, the Maharaj Ji is very into the pineal gland."

He considered that, then said, "Well, I don't think it works as metaphor in a poem about urban blight."

Bob Johnson had his conference. His staff member said he had a nice touch but shouldn't try to write professionally until he matures. Vance Bourjaily's workshop studied a short story about a beautiful girl, written by Cybill Shepherd. Bourjaily said she is a promising writer. Lois and I noticed right away that she spells "feat" "fete."

The nice young poet with the guitar said one day at the swimming pool that he was worried about his future. Not as a writer, he said, as a husband. Everybody in his complex is swinging and his wife wants to swing, too. But he doesn't think he wants to swing with anybody he's seen in his complex.

A visiting speaker from New York arrived with a lovely blonde wife. The morning after his lecture they were at the barn for coffee. "Do you take cream?" he asked her.

An editor of *Atlantic Monthly* was at the workshop where Bob Johnson's story was read. He made an appointment with Bob Johnson to talk to him about his future and some immediate assignments.

Harry Crews told Big Loud Ernie that his was the best work seen in the workshop. "Ninety-six of a possible hundred," Ernie reported to the barn in a loud voice. Word spread fast. Some people went to pieces when they heard it, some did not. Cybill Shepherd sought out Ernie immediately and told him about the novel she's writing. The setting is Los Angeles and Carson wants her to come on his show and talk about it.

On the last day, a lady from Pennsylvania asked me how many times I'd been to Bread Loaf. She said it was her 17th year.

Harry Crews gave the Friday night reading. He talked about walking to Vermont on the Appalachian Trail. He said he went into the woods because it seemed like such a NOARmal thing to do. Everybody's hiking in the woods. All the NOARmal people. And he thought if he saw a few of them he might be able to stop writing about freaks and fat men and people who eat cars.

He told us about the people he met on the trail—the people who hanged the circus elephant because it had stomped one of their town's children and they knew it must be punished. And he told about the people in the Winnebagos watching television and the man he met on the Skyline Drive when he went to fill his water jug.

"I heard this man say, 'Son, git the club.' And I turned around real quick and there was this man and this boy and this Japanese station wagon and the boy was getting a three-iron or whatever they call them out of the trunk. And that boy set a little golf ball on the edge of the stone wall of the scenic overlook there, the one where you see five bends of the Shenandoah River, and that boy hit that ball about, oh five thousand feet.

"And I asked the fellow what they's doing and he said he and his boy's on their summer vacation and they's doing something they always wanted to do—hitting balls five, six thousand feet. He said they were going to drive the full length of that highway in the sky, and they'd stop at every scenic overlook and take turns hitting balls off the edge."

Harry said that after two months with all those normal people, it was kind of a nice change to get to Bread Loaf.

I kind of knew what he meant. □

someone on stage who is talking about these things. Frost, talking about metrics, makes you think of Frost talking about metrics. His occasions were theatrical, centrally so; and while they were sometimes marvelously theatrical, I wonder how much their effect was really to help teachers make poetry accessible in the classroom.

Frost, like nature in his own late poem, "From Iron," troubles men with having to take sides. Doc Cook is unabashedly on the side Frost wanted men to take. Thus he tells us that Frost had admirers, Pound and Eliot had disciples; that it is absurd to read Frost's poetry "like T. S. Eliot's . . . as though . . . every nuance [were] a paradox," but that one of the keys to Frost's technique is his "use of symbols . . . metaphor, and paradox"; or that when Lionel Trilling spoke of Frost's poetic world as "terrifying" he implied that Frost was a "neurotic and paranoid figure of despair." (I have been guilty of insisting that Frost had no systematic ideas about man and that the systematic ideas about man that he had were wrong.)

Thirty-odd years ago, I showed Doc a poem I had written, a moderately callow undergraduate poem with two good lines and one dead-right word: "intrinsic." He read it, and read it again, and looked up and said "Intrinsic!" It was a critical gesture, generous and enthusiastic and committed. His book is that sort of book.

GEORGE W. NITCHIE '43
Professor of English
Simmons College

EMERSON AS POET. By Hyatt H. Waggoner '35. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1974. 211 pp., $11.50.

In a carefully focussed, clear-headed, and re-visionary critical study, Professor Hyatt H. Waggoner, of Brown University, poses and answers the question: How good a *major* poet is Emerson? And he gives us a cautious answer to a straightforward query. He concludes that if we grant Emerson his subjects, "he may still seem one of our major poets."

The form of Waggoner's study is a key to his conclusion. In a long introduction, he surveys the critical consensus on Emerson's claim to and stature as a poet. He concludes that personal taste and an inertial factor are often the determinants in critical opinion, an observation not easy to fault. Hard, close, sure readers with independent minds are invariably in short supply. Melville parabolized "the obstinate survival of old beliefs" in his "law of precedents" in Chapter 69 of *Moby Dick*. The viewpoints of official critics often cancel one another but Waggoner finds the judgements of James, Chapman, More, Lewisohn, and Kreymborg stand up.

The study discusses the rediscovery of Emerson as a poet, the poet's apprentice years, and, in a strong chapter which closely examines selected poems, notably "Uriel," "Bacchus," "Hamatreya," and "Brahma," contributes convincingly to the impression of Emerson as a poet in prose. In a fine closing chapter, entitled "Vision and Voice," Waggoner firmly disagrees with the allegation that Emerson lacked an "ear" for the "music" of verse.

We would do this excellent short study a disservice if we did not point out the many contributions which it makes. Waggoner confirms Emerson's seminal importance, and, no victim of "the law of precedents," he turns the edge of his critical perceptiveness on the depreciative Kazin and Quentin Anderson. He neither apologizes for Emerson's poetic deficiencies nor rationalizes his poetic failures, thus enabling us to see *and* feel freshly Emerson's "imaginative articulation of perceptions of aspects of reality." Consequently, our own perception of reality is both enlarged and refined. He finesses those detractors who fail to emphasize Emerson's vatic quality. Shrewdly, he directs our attention to the paradoxes and ironies. And he discloses in Emerson's prose the more imaginative capacity and richness latent in the kinds of meaning poetry has, especially in the concluding paragraph of "Illusions," a rare and wonderful poem in its own right. He refreshes our reading of lesser known essays like "Poetry and Imagination" and "Works and Days."

Waggoner, like Emerson, is and always has been "an opener of doors"—from *The Heel of Elohim* (1950) through *American Poets* (1968). A careful thinker, a clear, vigorous writer, he makes us realize in *Emerson as Poet* how good poets need good readers. Waggoner, such a reader, also makes us aware that Emerson, like his Uriel, represents "knowledge grown too bright/ To hit the nerve of feebler sight." But one of these days Emerson will again have his innings when we will be able to match him light for light, just as Waggoner has in this prismatic book.

REGINALD L. COOK '24
Prof-emeritus of
American Literature
Middlebury College

HART CRANE: THE PATTERNS OF HIS POETRY. By Margaret Dickie Uroff '56. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1974. 236 pp., $7.95.

Margaret Dickie Uroff, Middlebury '56, at present an assistant professor of English at the University of Illinois, recently published *Hart Crane: The Patterns of His Poetry*. In a dual aim she traces the relationship between the lyrics and the "epical" poems, and explores five recurring thematic patterns in the poetry. Crane's poetry, considered by some of the critics as one of "broken efforts," is, she shows, upon perceptive reading, "a work of unusual continuity."

By devoting a chapter to each of the patterns and by applying a rigorous analysis and an equally imaginative synthesis in her study, Mrs. Uroff establishes both a connection between the lyrics and *The Bridge* and a coordination of the patterns. She states: "The play between the impulse to violence and the impulse to possession, between stasis and flight, is the play in the architecture of Crane's consciousness, and in expressing it, he expresses 'the pattern's mastery.'" This statement represents both a measure of her insight and

MIDDLEBURY BOOKS

ROBERT FROST: A LIVING VOICE. By Reginald L. Cook '24. Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1974. 331 pp., $12.50.

This book consists in the first instance of the texts, transcribed from tapes with some editing and annotation, of a round dozen of the talks Robert Frost gave at Bread Loaf during a ten-year period from 1953 to 1962, the last one delivered only six months before his death. To these, Reginald Cook has added recollections of earlier talks by and visits with Frost, going back as far as 1925, and a seven-chapter essay in commentary and appreciation. On both counts, the book matters, because the transcribed talks are primary Frost material, and because Professor Cook, with Lawrence Thompson, Reuben Brower, Sidney Cox and a handful of others, can put in evidence both a long academic experience of literature (I do not regard "academic" as a term of dispraise) and a long personal acquaintance and friendship with Frost (and I do not regard personal friendship with a poet as necessarily providing the best perspectives on his poetry).

About the first count, the texts are likely to be oddly disappointing to those who have heard Frost speak, and perhaps a bit puzzling to those who have not. As Professor Cook puts it, "Invariably the lectures *sound* better than they read," and I suspect that most of them performed better than they sounded. It is, I think, no putdown to say that they were, even more than the poems Frost would read or say, chiefly actors' texts; reading them in cold blood is a bit like reading the libretto of *Don Giovanni*, without music or setting or action. Frost, to be sure, was his own librettist; but the life was in the performance. When he said, on July 2, 1956, "I'm a great equalitarian. I spend most of my time with my equals," he brought down the house, and one of the photographs in Kathleen Morrison's *Robert Frost: A Pictorial Chronicle* puts the moment on record. But there's no way to bring it through on paper; "All the fun's in how you say a thing," as the farmer said in "The Mountain," meaning not quite the same thing.

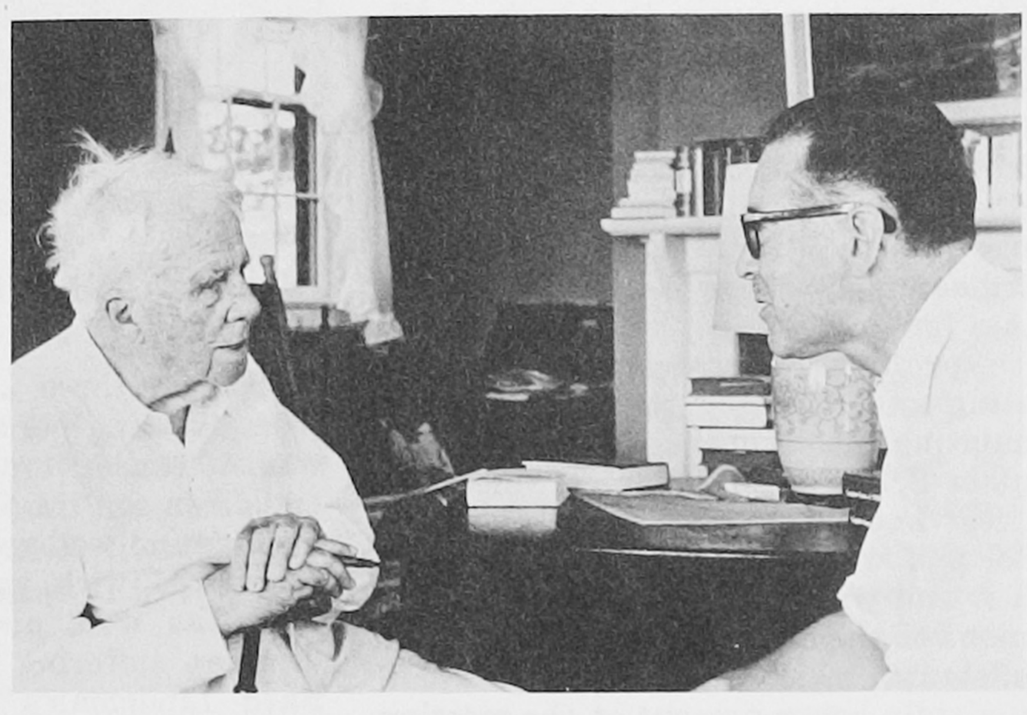
Partly, I suppose, the difference is that the farmer didn't have to deal with the kind of mind-numbing questions that Frost, as public performer, did.

"Will Mr. Frost illustrate the use of parables in his own poetry?"

"What do you think of the people today who say there is nothing left to say about nature that is not trite?"

"Would you speak about traits?"

It's tempting to wonder whether there wasn't a kind of question that was asked only of Robert Frost, and that was asked only by the kind of person who asked that kind of question. Professor Cook thinks that Frost "helped these teachers make poetry accessible in the classroom." Well, maybe. But he also quotes a couplet Frost inscribed in a presentation copy of *A Further Range*: "They say the truth will make you free./ My truth will chain you slave to me." It's one of the small cruelties Frost was capable of, and it was at least sometimes true. Frost would talk about his own poetry; he would talk about Keats, or about Milton, or about Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, or about Emerson, and he could praise them. But the people who asked Mr. Frost to illustrate the use of parables in his own poetry would not come away with the sense that they had been set free to make accessible in the classroom Yeats, or Eliot, or Hopkins, or Pound, or Auden. The index tells us that, in twelve sessions, Frost made no reference at all to Yeats, one to Pound, none to Eliot by name, but a number of snide responses to questions and few gratuitous ones. Hopkins? "A little bit too feminine for me—a little—too throaty." (But Frost wouldn't have felt Hopkins, dead in 1889, a troublesome contemporary...? *Wouldn't* he? Frost's *A Boy's Will*, 1913; the first edition of Hopkin's poems, 1918? You better believe it.)



You have to hang loose and be guarded about these matters. As Professor Cook acknowledges later in the passage about helping teachers, "Frost made a case for no one else's poetry except his own." And while it is perhaps true that he rarely went out of his way to snipe, it is also perhaps true that he rarely let pass a presented opportunity.

I think this matters. Frost could, and did, talk intelligently and revealingly about the practise and craft of poetry, as an intelligent practitioner talking to the un-, or only partly, initiated. There wasn't much that was original in that talk, but there didn't have to be; there isn't much that is original to be said about the practise and craft of poetry. The substance of what Frost said about technique in his talk of July 27, 1960, could be interestingly compared (not contrasted: there's little ground for contrast) with the substance of what Eliot wrote in 1917 in "Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry" and "Reflections on 'Vers Libre'." The two men clearly operated out of the same tradition and with the same premises. But Eliot writing on Pound makes you look at Pound; Eliot writing on vers libre makes you consider vers libre. Frost, talking about metrics, about Shakespeare's sonnet 94, about Robert Bridges on Milton's pentameters, never lets you forget that there's

(Continued from page 24)

manager for a perfume society in charge of Europe and Africa. His address is 50 rue de Chezy, Neuilly 92200, France. **Astrid Varteressian** is a student at Stanford Graduate School of Business. **Sarah Piteo** is a credit analyst with the Chittenden Trust Co. Her address is RD 1, New Haven, Vt. 05472. **Thomas Hickok** is a purchasing management trainee with Rockwell International, Weaving Machinery Div., Hopedale, Mass. He lives at 8 Kennedy Ln., Apt. 5-A, Milford 01757. **Constance Griesmer** is studying for a Master's in Divinity at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. **Robert Buxbaum** is a research assistant to the Speaker of the N.Y. State Assembly. His address is 316 W. 75th St., New York 10023. **Charles Albrycht** is a pension underwriter with Phoenix Mutual Life. He lives at 65 Mountain View Dr., Newington, Conn. 06111. **Howard Fraker** is a student at Cranbrook Academy of Art and is living at 4 New Mill St., Nantucket, Mass. 02554. **Pamela Klimenok Parsons (Mrs. Michael)** is a billing clerk with Balise Motor Sales in Springfield, Mass. She and her husband have bought an 1815 Federal house and their address is PO Box 182, Huntington, Mass. 01050.

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Russell Frisbie is a civilian employee working in an audio-photo retailing club, catering to the U.S. Forces, and as such is employed by the Dept. of Defense. Until a short time ago construction work was his main duty but now he will be organizing and running the club's darkroom. His address is STUDO-Zimmer 773, 74 Tubingen Heuberger-Tor-West 15, F. R. Germany. **Stephanie Cole** is a sports writer for the **Valley News** in Lebanon, N. H. **Peter Cullinan** has been hired as a planner for the City of Saco, Me. to help the planning board in its review of proposed developments, and in establishing long-range goals of how the city should be developed. **Shylaja Paulose** is teaching English in Iran on a two-year contract. Her address is PO Box 14-1451, Tehran. **Mark Gromer** is a research associate with Scientific Research Associates in Chicago and living at 6033 No. Sheridan Rd., Apt. 28-C, Chicago 60660. **Bruce Shenker** is living and working as "a banana slave" at Kibbutz Rosh Hanikra, Galil, Maaravi, Israel. **Peter Francis** arrived in Tahiti, aboard his cutter-rigged Tioga-class yawl in April. Last October 12, he left Sippican Harbor, Marion, Mass., traversed the Panama Canal and then went to the Galapagos Islands before setting out for Tahiti. **Mary Harrington** is a therapist at the Advisory Center for Teens in Grand Rapids and is living at 534 Fountain, N. E., Grand Rapids 49503.

2nd Lt. Eugene Koelhoffer is with the Army in Germany. His address is B Btry., 3rd Bn., 59th ADA, APO New York 09077. **Susan Winter** received a BS in Nursing from the Univ. of Maine at Gorham, in May. Her permanent address is So. Nelson Rd., Sterling, Mass. 01565. **Mark Foster** is working on machinery design for assembly of tubular heating elements. His address is 1535 So. Clayton, Denver 80210. **Victoria Schall White** is assistant to the Dean of Students at Salve Regina College in Newport, R. I. She received her degree from Wellesley in June, 1974. She and her husband, Bill (Dartmouth '72) who is stationed in Newport in the Navy, have bought a house at 81 Houston Ave., Newport 02840. **Jim Cook** is back from British Columbia and the Arctic. He is still unemployed but can be reached at 84 Second St., Apt. 602, Orangeville, Ont., Canada. **Claire De Tarr** is to teach foreign languages in the Brockton (Mass.) High School this coming year. **Sheila Bamford's** permanent address is now 2219 Wallace St., Philadelphia 19130. **Jane McGill** will also be teaching in Brockton (Mass.) High School this coming year.

MASTERS

A. Ena Bolduc '34, 68 died unexpectedly on March 13 in Lewiston, Me. where she has lived since her retirement. She had taught in Canton and Rumford, Me. and for 25 years was a French teacher in Wethersfield, Conn.

Theodore K. Carr '59, died accidentally in Southboro, Mass. on March 18. He had served as a Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve from 1952 to 1956 on the aircraft carrier Theodore Roosevelt and the USS Mindoro. Since 1956 he had taught French at St. Mark's Boys School in Southboro, Mass. Survivors are his mother and a sister.

Dr. Anne Kimball '61, former associate Dean of Studies at Mount Holyoke, is now Dean at Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

Elaine Roy '62 died February 11 in Houston. She had taught for the past 20 years in the language department of the Winchester (Mass.) High School. Survivors are her mother, three brothers, and seven sisters.

Rosemary Robinson '65 has been raised to the rank of associate professor with tenure at Anderson College, Anderson, Ind. During the interim term in January, Mrs. Robinson was excused from teaching and spent four weeks in Oaxaca, Mexico, where she worked on a translation project involving parts of some of the novels of 20th-century Spanish writer, Gabriel Miro. She also visited in the immediate area and enjoyed the huge markets, the Indians in general, and the holiday celebrations. In July she is planning her eleventh trip to Spain. Since receiving her Master's at Middlebury, Mrs. Robinson has completed course work in a doctoral program at St. Louis University.

Finn Jensen '66, 40, a writer and assistant headmaster of Milford Academy, died April 24 following a long illness. His first published novel was "The Betrayal." In addition he had written other books and a half-dozen plays, but not all have been published. He is survived by his wife, the former Barbara Capobianco, a son, Lance, and a daughter, Maria.

John O. Thatcher, Jr., '68, assistant professor of anthropology at Wright State, Dayton, O., has been granted tenure.

William Westerbeke '68 is an associate professor of law at the Univ. of Kansas, Lawrence 66044.

Rene Torres-Delgado '70, instructor of art history at the Univ. of Puerto Rico (Rio Piedras campus), will appear in the Bicentennial Edition of "Personalities of the South" published by the American Biographical Institute. Besides his Master's in Spanish from Middlebury, Mr. Torres-Delgado has done graduate work at Princeton and New York University.

Margaret Anne Park '70 is now Mrs. Nicholas L. King and is living at 8 Fallshire Ct., Randallstown, Md. 21133.

The **Rev. Ciro Iodice '71**, assistant pastor at St. Louis parish in Fall River, Mass., has been selected by the American Legion to serve as chaplain of the Massachusetts Boys' State program in June at Assumption College in Worcester.

Lynn Talbot '74 is working in the underwriting dept. of the Factory Insurance Association in San Francisco and living at 424 University Ave., Davis 95616.

accomplishment. Moreover, she succeeds in keeping separate the poetry from Crane's life and she doesn't try to make Crane's life stand as an actual symbol of the poet out of joint with his time.

Crane's poetry is "rich, complex, and often difficult." It is "rich" in a neo-Elizabethan resonance of language; for example, "The abating shadows of our conscript dust." It is "complex." If you have read *Moby Dick*, now try "At Melville's Tomb" and see what you make of it. It is "difficult"; which raises the question, does Crane, in our idiom, really "get it altogether"? Does he succeed in acclimatizing the Machine Age in "a new order of consciousness"? Are planes and trains absorbed naturally and casually "as trees, cattle, galleons, castles"? Consider, for example, "vast engines . . . as launched in abysmal cupolas of space,/ Toward endless terminals, Easters of speeding light. . . ."

The ultimate issue is raised. Is Crane a brilliant failure? Mrs. Uroff emphatically contends, "A reading of his poetry as a whole must serve to revise the idea that he was a brilliant lyricist who mistakenly undertook to change the direction of his work by writing an epic and who then failed." I think, on the whole, she presents convincingly how hard this Jacob of his art wrestled with the angel for the blessing of form—wrestled for a new fusion of experience which originated in emotion apprehended by imagination. If, as she says, the objects a poet creates are transformation of energy into a higher quality, what is this quality—is it vatic or verbal? She answers: "Insofar as he succeeded in exploring the range of his own consciousness, (Crane) broke new ground." Affirmative and inclusive, Crane's poetry is "intricate, varied, jammed with emotional power," and, above all, it has "the magic of words." The magic of words, indeed! I for one never tire of reading the remarkable last stanza of "Voyages II," one of the most magical stanzas in poetry this side of Keats and Rimbaud.

This serious and sensible study relates Crane to the Plato of the Forms, recognizes in him a Rimbaudian alchemy of poetry, notes the Poesque and Whitmanian echoes, favors "Voyages," "Powhatan's Daughter," and "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen," salutes Crane a bit notionally as "the single greatest love poet of his generation," and believes that in "The Bridge," he has absorbed the world of the machine to the dynamism of nature and "converted it into positive terms," hence the affirmative thrust. In a key sentence, which clinches Crane's contribution to the experienced reader of modern poetry as well as her own, Mrs. Uroff says: "His poems do not make the reader think about an experience, they attempt rather to render that experience in its immediacy to the reader."

REGINALD L. COOK '24
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The Executive Committee of the Middlebury Alumni Association met at the Bread Loaf Inn on a rainy Friday afternoon, May 30, of Commencement weekend. Seen here, from left, are Paula Knight Jeffries '45, David E. Thompson '49, Jack Bates '42, Constance Sherman Patrick '53, Ken Nourse '52, Pat Judah Palmer '57, Jane Bowditch Holtz '64, Henry Caswell '49, Bobbie Weeks, Norman Armour '53, Mildred Becker Bennett '41, and Kyle Prescott '49.

Middlebury

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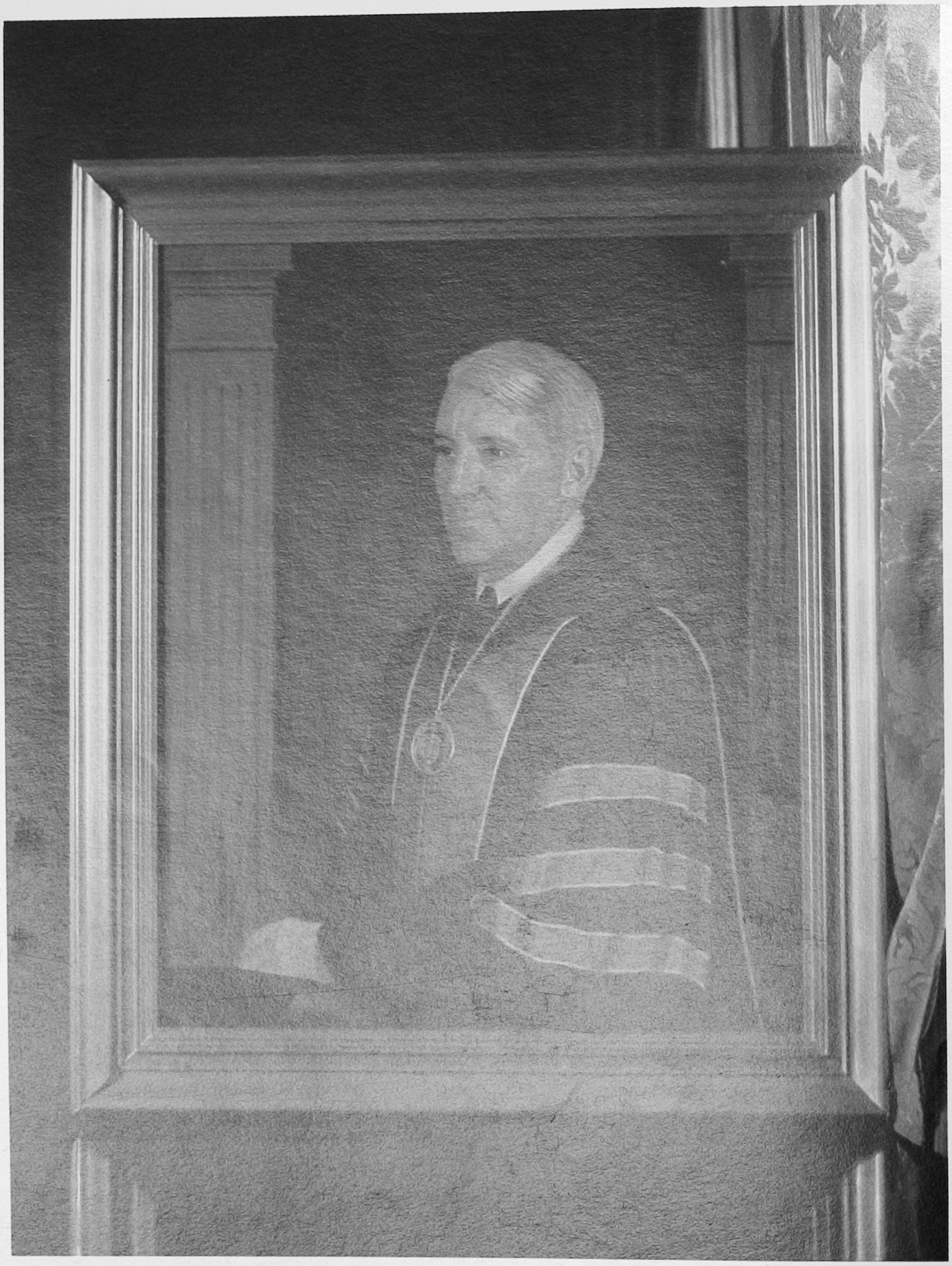

The College's official portrait of its twelfth president, James Isbell Armstrong, now hangs in the Old Chapel Room with portraits of his predecessors. Painted in 1971 by Gordon C. Aymar of South Kent, Connecticut, the portrait was photographed, above, shortly after its unveiling.